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LITERATURE.

The Roman Law of Damage to Property: a Commentary on the "Lex Aquilia." By Dr. Erwin Grueber. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE University of Oxford deserves great credit for its practical recognition that letters are a commonwealth, which is wider than one country. Dr. Grueber, a young German jurist, who ten years ago published, on a special point in the law of usucapion, an essay which obtained favourable notice in Germany, has now for some years held the newly created office of Reader of Roman Law at Oxford. He has thus brought to bear on English students the thorough training which is natural in Germany in any subject, and especially in the treatment of what there is still to a great extent living law. Dr. Grueber writes in English which would do no discredit to a native. It is seldom that any turn of language makes one even fancy that the foreign origin is still discoverable; and the whole character of the exposition is much more what we arrogantly call English than what some choose to vilify as German. In other words, it is usually simple, intelligible, and self-controlled.

The title of the Digest chosen is a good one for the purpose, and the general plan of the work is judicious. The first part contains a commentary on the fragments which compose the title; the second part is a systematic exposition of the law of damage to property. But the execution is open to some objections. The title is nowhere given as a whole. Each separately numbered paragraph of the title is followed by an English translation or paraphrase, and then by a discussion of the law contained in it. The translation sometimes runs into commentary, the commentary often repeats the translation, and the systematic exposition repeats, as Dr. Grueber admits, a great deal of the commentary. This is not a happy mode of treatment. A systematic account of the law is valuable in itself, and is a good adjunct to the detailed discussion of the text. But the matter should have been properly distributed; the translation should have been closer to the original; the commentary should have been confined to the thorough elucidation of the text, its origin, its special expression, its logic, its development of some particular feature of the law; and then the exposition might well have been somewhat expanded. As it is, I think this last the most satisfactory part of the book, though all shows the work of a competent Roman lawyer interested in his subject, and yet anxious rather to benefit his readers than to display his own knowledge or give play to his special fancies.

I do not like Dr. Grueber's treatment of

the text itself. He breaks it into little bits, often without regard to the context, separating, for instance, l. 11, § 10, from l. 12; l. 13, § 3, from l. 14 and l. 15; l. 39 pr. from l. 39, § 1; l. 44, § 1, from l. 45, &c. He sometimes translates a different reading from that given in the Latin text—e.g., in l. 11 pr. he prints *habebat*, and translates *radebat*. He slurs over without notice some difficult expressions—e.g., l. 29, § 2, *serraculum ad naum ducendo*; l. 52, § 1, *in quo dolor inerat*; *ib.*, § 2, *hi quo conuersum fuisset*; and he mistranslates others, where there is no particular difficulty—e.g., l. 5, § 1, *iniuriam hic damnum accipimus culpa datum* is not "we must apply the term 'iniuria' in the sense of 'culpa' in *damnum culpa datum*, i.e., damage done by someone's fault," but "we must understand by *iniuria* damage caused by [someone's] fault"; l. 5, § 3, *puero ceruicem percussit* is not "had beaten his apprentice about the head"; l. 11 pr., *adiecto cultello* is not "the razor being just in contact with it," but "by knocking the razor against it"; l. 27, § 29, *calicem diatretum faciendum dare* is not "to give a man a cup of flagree work to be repaired," but "to give him a cup to be made into a netted cup" (cf. Marquardt, *Röm. Priv.*, p. 734); l. 32 pr., *quod proconsul in furto obseruat* is not "what the proconsul states with regard to a *furtum*," but "the rule which the proconsul observes in the case of theft," and so on. A worse fault, however, than these casual mistakes is the loose style which often gives but a blurred representation of the jurist's very neat and precise Latin. Thus, in l. 7, § 4, the connexion is almost lost by the words *certamine, certare, certamine* being translated by three different words—"contest," "fight," "combat"—and by *committente* being confused with *permittente*. The jurist is speaking of public contests of wrestling and boxing, and says the killing of a combatant does not come within the Aquilian law, because the damage is inflicted in a struggle for glory, and not from wrongful intent. Ulpian, according to Dr. Grueber, proceeds:

"This rule, however, does not apply to a slave, because freeborn persons are accustomed to fight with one another (!), but it does apply to a wounded *filius familias*. But the Aquilian action will lie if someone has wounded a fellow player who has given way, or if without a combat a person has killed a slave, unless it was done by permission of his master, in which case the Aquilian action is not applicable (!)."

Ulpian does not talk in this loose fashion. He says:

"This [defence], however, does not apply to slaves, because [public] contests are generally between freeborn persons: it does apply to the wounding of a *filius familias*. No doubt if the wound was inflicted on him as he was giving way, there will be room for the Aquilian law; or, again, if one not in a [public] contest has killed a slave; but if the slave's master himself made the match, the Aquilian law does not apply."

Dr. Grueber's mistranslation of the last sentence has made his commentary confused also. Ulpian is not speaking here of a person "having his master's permission without a combat to kill or wound a slave" (p. 22), whatever that may mean (secret assassination?); but of a slave being killed in a wrestling or boxing match arranged by his

master. It is fair to add that it is rare to find the imperfections of the translation such as to affect the statement of the law.

Perhaps l. 27, § 2, furnishes another exception. He translates *aut noxae dedi ei in solidum oportere quia haec res diuisionem non recipit*, "or will have the slave surrendered to him alone, for the act of delivery does not admit of division." Besides the loss of sharpness which comes by using the word "delivery" instead of continuing the word "surrender," this translation hits beside the nail. It is not the act of delivery which causes the difficulty, but the fact that if the injured person is to have compensation he must have the whole of the slave, so as to use him as he will. Again, the slave need not be surrendered "to him alone," for he was only part owner of the killed slave, and part ownership (along with his partner) is all he can ultimately expect to have in the surrendered slave (D. ix. 4, l. 19 pr.). *In solidum* is "wholly." The "act of delivery" may not admit of division, but you can convey a part as well as a whole. And Ulpian actually suggests this course for the part owner of a delinquent slave; only it must be done before issue is joined: *Ante noxale sane iudicium acceptum poterit sua parte cedendo securitatem consequi*. Afterwards no such cession of part will avail to avert assessment of damages (D. ix. 4, l. 8). Further, in the explanation of the passage (p. 81) Dr. Grueber has momentarily confused common ownership of the slave killed with common ownership of a delinquent slave, and thus the explanation is partly irrelevant and partly defective.

In l. 27, § 20, Dr. Grueber misses the distinction between this case and that in § 14. Here the mixture of sand with corn spoils the usable article itself. The sand sticks to it, or, at any rate, is in close contact so as to hinder its use, or depreciate its value. But in § 14, tares or oats (*lolium aut avena*) are thrown as seed upon the land already sown with corn. According to the views of the ancients (Plin. *N.H.* xviii., 149-153) oats had the effect of actually causing the corn to degenerate, or even the grains to become abortive. Tares (or darnel) had the effect of injuring the soil. In the case of both seeds, however, so used, the injury to the crop was only indirect, and hence it was that an action on the case was given rather than the Aquilian action itself.

In l. 30, § 3, Dr. Grueber speaks of the difficulty of distinguishing sometimes between damage done, as in l. 27, § 8, where an action under the statute was held to lie, and occasion of damage given, which, as here stated, led to an action on the case. But he has added to the difficulty by speaking of the case in l. 27, § 8, as that of a man "setting fire to his own block of houses and the fire spreading to his neighbour's separate block." "His own" is contrary to the express statement of the Digest (I suppose it comes from Huschke's interpolation in the text of the *Collatio*). I think these cases are really distinguishable by the presence of malice (*dolus*) in the one and its absence in the other. The Aquilian statute was directed against one "who burnt or tore," &c. Such words are more naturally applicable to a person who intends wrongful damage, though

not this particular damage, than to one who innocently burns the stubble in his own field but has not taken sufficient precautions against the fire spreading to his neighbour's crops. An incendiary will not be allowed by the law to higgie about how much he has caused of the destruction, the whole of which is clearly due to his wilful act. But a jurist may well hesitate to say that the farmer "has burnt" his neighbour's crops, when he is little more than one of several involuntary agencies in the result.

To take an allied matter; the argument in § 5 of the systematic exposition is, in the main, satisfactory. But I cannot agree with the author in thinking that the case of the slave, who was so negligent in watching the oven as to allow the farmhouse to be burnt down, can be transferred from the category of omission to that of commission by saying that "he approached the furnace and thus induced the slave in charge to leave his place." This "approach" is an invention. The careless slave may have been there before the slave in charge. The truth is, in some circumstances a refusal to act is a very positive act, and a definite neglect to act may be as injurious and as culpable as a refusal to act. A man undertaking to hold horses, and not putting out his hands when he sees them starting; and a stoker who, bidden by the engine driver for a few minutes to watch the engine, sees an obstruction but does not turn off the steam or give the alarm, are to all intents and purposes acting, though their body remain motionless. But before a man is held liable for an omission to act, there must be a duty either accepted, though silently, by him, or imposed on him by the law. A mere bystander seeing a rifleman going to fire when a child crosses the line, and not interfering, is not liable, I take it, to the Aquilian action, or to any other legal consequences. Nor, again, is the Aquilian action applicable to the conduct of a usufructuary who does not plough or plant the land or clean the water-courses (D. vii. 1, l. 13, § 2). The duty of the usufructuary to till properly is enforceable by his bond. The Aquilian statute requires something different from mere continued neglect; there must be some definite piece of damage plainly attributable to particular conduct, at a particular time, of a particular person, not a mere unfruitfulness of land or fouling of pipes due to time, or rather to nature working without interference.

In l. 45, § 5, Dr. Grueber has missed the point. The passage is from the tenth book of Paul's commentary on Sabinus. Other fragments from the same book are intermixed with some from Ulpian's forty-second book in D. xxxix. 2; see especially ll. 35-7. They relate to the case of one who, owning a ruinous house which is dangerous to his neighbour's house, proceeds to pull down a common wall. If the wall was not strong enough to bear the double weight, he was not liable for damage caused by his pulling down and rebuilding; but, if he pulled down a good wall, or replaced it by either too expensive or too weak a wall, he was liable to compensate his neighbour. Here, probably, came in the remark which has been dislocated by the compilers, and now forms our text. Paul added that if he pulled down a good wall he was liable not only in the action

damni infecti, but under the Aquilian statute as well—liable not because the land or house was thereby damaged (as Dr. Grueber suggests), but simply for destroying the wall itself. If it was a common wall, then he was liable only for part damages; if it was a neighbour's wall, then for the whole. As the passage stands in our title, both cases are included. Dr. Grueber's reference (p. 158) to Dirksen to explain *paries* strikes one as somewhat *naïve*. Does it ever mean anything but the "wall of a house"?

In another matter Dr. Grueber lays down the law wrongly. He sums up his comment on l. 15 pr. by saying—

"The result arrived at is strange; if the *res legata* is wholly destroyed, the legatee does not receive anything, whilst the heir gets compensation in his place; if it is only partly destroyed, the legatee receives the thing as well as compensation for the damage done;"

and proceeds to add that under Justinian's law (by which every legatee has a personal action against the heir to enforce his right to the legacy) the heir had to cede the *actio legis Aquiliae* to the legatee. Neither here nor on pp. 236-7, where the whole argument and references are repeated, is any direct authority for this addition adduced. Dr. Grueber rests it on the analogy of vendor and purchaser. I admit that he might have referred to the Basilican scholia, from which it appears that the point was discussed among the Byzantine jurists and that some took this view. But that this view is wrong seems to me clear. First, can any words be more plain than those of our text itself? Ulpian says expressly that if a slave, the object of a legacy, is killed before the inheritance is entered on, the Aquilian action comes to the heir on entry and remains with him; but if the slave is wounded, the action remained as part of the inheritance till the heir entered, but must then be ceded by him to the legatee (whose property the wounded slave then was). The contrast of the two cases is decisive: the express mention of cession in the second clause excludes it from the first. Secondly, the view is contrary to such passages as these: *Species nominatim legatae, si non reperiuntur, nec dolo heredis deesse probentur, peti ex eodem testamento non possunt* (D. xxxi. 1, 32, § 5); *Quod servus legatus ante aditam hereditatem adquisiit, hereditati acquirit* (ib. l. 38); *mortuo boue qui legatus est neque corium neque caro debetur* (ib. l. 49 pr.). The truth is, the legatee had no claim to the legacy except from the heir's entry. Anything produced in the interim by the thing bequeathed belonged to the inheritance, and was a windfall for the heir. Only fraud or delay on the heir's part made him responsible to the legatee for a thing not in existence at his entry, or for its fruits (D. xxx. 1, 39, § 1; l. 47, § 2, 4). Thirdly, in giving the basis for calculating the Falcidian fourth, it is expressly stated that actions, such as *furti* and *damni iniuriae*, acquired by the heir are not reckoned, but *ad heredis lucrum pertinent*. If the heir had to cede these actions to the legatee, they would not be "gain" to the heir, and would clearly have to be considered in estimating the proportionate shares of heir and legatee (D. xxxv. 2, l. 30 pr., l. 73 pr.).

The first two sections of the exposition treat of the date of the *Lex Aquilia* and of its

relations to the previous state of the law. Here I must raise a protest. Dr. Grueber thinks Theophilus's statement trustworthy because it is definite, and that this Byzantine jurist of the sixth century after Christ is a sufficient authority for dating the *Lex Aquilia* 467 A.U.C. I will allow Theophilus to be the author of the Greek paraphrase of the Institutes, though that is doubtful; but I must ask whether Dr. Grueber has reflected on the state of historical criticism in Byzantium, and on the probability of any real evidence or knowledge of this particular bit of history being accessible to the Greek jurist eight centuries after the supposed passing of the law? And then, Dr. Grueber actually treats Moritz Voigt's venturesome reconstructions of the XII. Tables as if they were facts! It is not enough to acknowledge that Voigt is the source of his quotations. No such feats of inventive imagination ought to appear at all without a continued apparatus of warning posts to prevent any reader resting on such a quicksand. Happily Voigt's phrases reveal their origin. The monstrous phrases *actio noxiae nocitae*, and *noxiae nocendae*, which are spread over his two thick volumes on the XII. Tables are new to the Latin language. They are supposed to express "an action for damage done," and "for damage which will be done"! But even these are hardly so queer as Voigt's formula for taking a wife. *Hunc ego hominem ex iure Quir. uxorem meam, &c., esse aio* (Die XII. Tafeln, ii., pp. 329, 700). Not to speak of the doubtful use of *hominem*, fancy a Roman calling his wife *hunc*, "this male"! No blank is too great for Dr. Voigt to fill. Besides inventing formulae on the smallest provocation and on the slightest evidence, he invents forms—e.g., *capenates*, nom. sing.; *poenas*, nom. pl.; he foists into the XII. Tables any words he can find of a rusty look and doubtful character—e.g., *rupitias*, *occelus* (ii., p. 539), *relutum* (ii., p. 183), &c., nay, he even invents laws—e.g., *lex Maenia de dote*, which then are passed by others into general circulation, as if they had any better basis than Dr. Voigt's ingenious divination. No one should use that author's most pedantic and tedious, but painstaking and learned, work without the wariness of an unceasing scepticism. These two sections of Dr. Grueber's Exposition are full of guesswork. And why does he talk of *noxae datio* for *noxae deditio*? He has plenty of predecessors, I grant, but is wrong for all that.

One word about Dr. Grueber's frequent use of Latin technical terms where English words, or, at any rate, anglicised words, are quite suitable. I quite admit that sometimes the nature of the argument makes it necessary to retain the Latin terms, and that for some words it is not easy to find a tolerable equivalent. But, except in these two cases, I believe the pedantic retention of the Latin words makes Roman law difficult for the beginner to comprehend, and is repulsive as a matter of style. No doubt the sphere of conception denoted by *heres* is different from that denoted by *heir*, just as a Roman *rex* was different from an English *king*, and a Roman *lex* from an English *statute*. But the question is whether the analogy is sufficient to form the basis of raising the new conception, and whether, when raised, it is kept purer from

misleading admixture by using in English discourse a Latin term. I quite understand the reluctance a writer may feel to translate *ἀρετή* by *virtus* or *delictum* by *tort*. But it seems to be overlooked that there is here a psychological difficulty. The student does not in either case leave the English word out of account. He cannot dispense with the associations which vivify the bald conception. What he does is to start with the English notion, and gradually correct it, strip off some constituents, and engraft others; and this he does, whether the writer uses *ἀρετή* or *virtus*, *delictum* or *tort*, *heres* or *heir*. The difference is only this: if *virtus* be used, he is, as it were, on the ground at once, and can begin his building or modifying; if *ἀρετή* is used, he first translates into "virtue," and then proceeds as before. In a comparison of the law of one country with that of another, it may be convenient to preserve the technical terms of each; but in a treatise on Roman law, like this, I cannot see what is gained by talking of *aditio hereditatis*, *servus legatus*, *legatum*, *actio legis Aquiliae*, &c. Dr. Grueber is rarely consistent for a page together. Two words perpetually occur—*culpa* and *interesse*. Why is *culpa* better than "fault," or *interesse* better than "interest"? Why cannot we talk of "a plea of compensation" instead of an *exceptio compensationis*, and of "a plea of intimidation" instead of an *exceptio quod metus causa* (p. 257)?

But I must conclude. I have exercised a reviewer's privilege of grumbling; but I have benefited by reading this book, and believe students will benefit also. H. J. ROSE.

Tiresias. By Thomas Woolner. (Bell.)

MR. WOOLNER has not surpassed himself in this poem. One may go further and say that he has fallen short of the high standard of excellence which he has previously attained. The author of *My Beautiful Lady* and *Pygmalion* can scarcely complain if much be expected of any later work from his pen, seeing that he has himself trained his readers to be exacting. He has given us, in *Tiresias*, a poem which contains many passages of beauty, many felicities of expression, but withal one which lacks the element of unity, as will be shown later on, to an almost aggravating extent, and which in at least one material matter seems to us to be thoroughly weak. We will reserve our criticisms on these and other points for the latter portion of this review, and will proceed at once to a cursory analysis of the contents of the volume before us.

The poem is divided into two parts, of which the former contains four books, the latter two. Book i., of the first part, contains Tiresias's account of the manner in which he lost his sight, detailed by him to his mother, the nymph Chariclo. We do not know what age Mr. Woolner gives to Tiresias in this book; but it is difficult to imagine that Chariclo was not already acquainted with the circumstances of the disaster, especially as, according to at least one version of the story, she was in attendance on Athena when her luckless-lucky son was stricken blind. Perhaps, however, this is a small point—one on which much stress should not be laid. Similar license is allowed to the dramatist when,

through the medium of one of his characters, he tells—really to his audience, nominally to someone of his *dramatis personae* who must be already initiated—the necessary points that lead up to his plot. Mr. Woolner chooses the version of the story of Tiresias's blindness which we have already learnt from Lord Tennyson's poem on the same subject—and, indeed, the alternative explanation hardly admits of poetical treatment; but he treats of it at greater length than the Laureate in his few lines of exquisitely condensed narrative. Not at too great length, however, for Mr. Woolner possesses, far more than most contemporary poets, the power of writing blank verse which seldom reads like "prose cut into strips." True, he does not vary the number of syllables in his lines, preserving the five beats or accents all the time, as Milton, the great exemplar, does with such grand results of variety to the ear; but by means of a well-chosen vocabulary and the restrained classic spirit, with which the sculptor has, perhaps, imbued the poet, he gratifies our sense of rhythm in the main, lapsing only now and then into the commonplace. We quote the concluding lines of the opening book, as it is interesting to compare them with Lord Tennyson's. Speaking of his unsought vision of the goddess, Tiresias says:

"Resplendent from the water, on the grass,
Within a shower of trembling sparkles She
Stood wringing out the river from Her hair.
Stretching Her hand to shake the drops away,
She shewed the length, the strength, the
rounded glow
Of beauty gleaming in Her mighty arm;
And hallowed, twin in glory, proudly rose
Her sacred bosom, lifted loftily.
While living radiance round Her presence clung
And moved in faithful concord as She turned
And bent Her gaze on mine. Oh not in scorn,
Approval, nor surprise; but as a star
Serene, remote, and approachable.
Beams upon waters troubled in the wind.
And I in worship strove to penetrate
Deep in the brightness of those azure heavens,
But felt their lustre pierce into my brain,
And I myself in darkness; evermore
Closed from adventure in the world of men.
Since that dark hour, I say it not in pride,
I have not tasted life nor known regret."

The second book of part i. contains Chariclo's description of how she prayed Athena to restore her son's sight, with the response of the goddess, who recognises the fact that Tiresias crossed her path by accident, but tells Chariclo that "the gods are powerless to recover power." He must remain blind, but gifts will be accorded to him by way of compensation. He shall have no certain memory of the time before he encountered the goddess. He shall foretell the future, and, further, of which more anon, he shall "understand the birds, their music, and the meaning in their songs."

Book iii.—wherein Tiresias complains that his "gift of gazing thus on pictured doom is but a doubtful boon," and gives the treatment accorded to the evil Titias and to the good Pylas as examples of the way in which it would seem that "the gods had left their power to evil men"—pleases us less than books i. and ii., both in its matter and in its manner. But Mr. Woolner soars higher in the last book of this part, in which Tiresias describes to Chariclo how Athena, in a second manifestation, comforted him with respect to

the unwillingness of his fellow-citizens to act according to his advice, based on his foresight, and promised him that eventually, in the course of his long life, he shall be listened to, and that meanwhile his seasons shall glide

"... Open, unobstructed, as the flow
Of mighty rivers,
That wind by many a reach of flowery mead
To find like others their great ocean home."

If space permitted we would gladly quote longer passages from this part of the poem, but we must pass on to part ii.

And here it is that one encounters the blemishes which are mainly the cause of the unfavourable opinion expressed in the opening lines of this review. Each of the two books which compose this part seems to the present writer to be faulty, though the faults of the two are distinct. Book i. describes how Chariclo, with a natural curiosity, inquires of her gifted son the meaning contained in the songs of the birds, and receives from him lyrical interpretations of their utterances. Now, apart from the question whether the expression *ἀσσαν ὀρνίθων φωνήν* refers to the songs of the birds at all, or only to the warnings to be drawn from birds and their flight, in short, augury—on which subject the curious may consult old Peter Bayle's Dictionary, *tit*. "Tiresias"—we think that there can be little doubt that the gift of comprehension of the meaning of birds was granted to Tiresias in aid of his power of prophetic insight. Cicero, in his *De Divinatione*, tells us that Amphiaras and Tiresias "avibus et signis admoniti futura dicebant"; and one feels that Athena was making fun of the blind prophet if Mr. Woolner's "Wren's Song," from which we give an extract here, be a specimen of the results of the great initiation:

"In and out the boughs about,
Every leaf to scan;
Dot and tittle, large and little,
Peck I what I can."

The three other stanzas of this song are conceived in the same vein. Could not Shelley or Wordsworth, who had seen no goddess, and who had their eyes open, out of their imaginations have derived a bird-utterance of deeper meaning? The goddess has cheated Tiresias if this, and the like of this, are all that she lets him know of what the birds say.

We will not trouble the reader with a detailed account of the songs of other birds, such as the linnet, the nightingale, the thrush, and the lark—poets' birds all, some of which are dealt with prettily enough here; nor with the rooks' song, which shows us how essential to the farmer is the scarecrow, if it shows us little else. But we must say a few words about the eagles, for it is in what they tell us, through Tiresias, that the greatest blot on Mr. Woolner's poem is to be found. We do not know whether Mr. Woolner meant the eagles' song to be tragic: he has certainly made it ghastly. The reader will believe this when he is told that one of these monarchs of the air, in his rage at the cruelty of the shepherds who kill the young eagles, sings to the other the account of the *Mignonette* horror, with its terrible tale of cannibalism on the high seas, which sickened all England a year or two ago, as evidence of what man is

capable of; that such lines as these occur among others in this place:

"Refreshed, consoled, they with a cheery laugh
The boy divided, taking each a half;
Then gorged him day by day till all was gone,
And only bones left bleaching in the sun."

An episode like this is apt to bias the reader unfairly against the whole of the volume which contains it. If we have been flippant here and there in dealing with this portion of the poem, it is because Mr. Woolner's treatment of the interpretation of the voices of the birds seems to us to be altogether trivial.

With regard to the last section of the poem, we wish to act on Mr. Woolner's advice in a noble passage in the introduction to *My Beautiful Lady*, and "judge mildly when we doubt." This second book of part ii. fills nearly half of the volume, and is written throughout in eight-line stanzas ending in alexandrines, except where there are songs within a song, and is headed, "Tiresias. Song of Imagination." That about which we doubt is its connexion with the story of Tiresias. Indeed, on reading it one feels inclined to turn to the title-page to see whether the volume be not headed "Tiresias, and another Poem." The name of Tiresias nowhere occurs in the text of this book, and it is only by glancing at the page-headings that the pronoun reference can be discovered. Mr. Woolner may possibly have authorities from which he has drawn the main ideas of this "Song of Imagination" unknown to us. If he has not, it is very difficult to trace the connexion between the song and the earlier half of the poem. We find sixteen pages or so of the song devoted to a description of metamorphoses undergone by, we must suppose, Tiresias. He is now a god, now a good king, an evil king, a hero. Again, he tells us:

"Whatever dwells within created bounds
Am I, or have been, or I dream to be!"

He is a male serpent, a nymph, a river, a cloud; then the showers which feed the rills that make new rivers; finally, an earthly babe who grows to manhood and lives his life as lover, husband, and father through some fifty pages, forming a third part of the whole volume. This last episode certainly seems to be drawn out beyond all proportion to the other sections of the poem; but it is mostly beautiful, and we do not grudge it any of the space it occupies, through any defects of its own. As a specimen of the metre and of the beauty of this composition the following should be welcome; it is the first stanza of the portion which we would especially praise:

"There lies a hollow in the hills, where sound,
However sweetly trilled, would stir the calm
And silent noon, and come unbidden there
To wake the sleeping air:
And worship, breathing an unspoken psalm,
Absorbed in gazing round
The domed refuge of a summer day,
Would hold the glory time could never take away."

Dione is the beloved one, the wife and mother in this concluding portion of the poem; and wherever Dione is, there is Mr. Woolner inspired. In its kind the poetry of the last fifty pages of *Tiresias* is as pleasing to us as most of that of the first forty-four.

It would have been a far pleasanter task to write in unmixed praise of Mr. Woolner's

poem; and, indeed, had part i. stood by itself under the name of *Tiresias*, and the Dione episode by itself under some other title, there would have been little room for adverse criticism. It is the middle portion of the book, and the apparent want of connexion between part i. and part ii., which form the stumbling-block for the would-be admirer. We find no such blemish in *My Beautiful Lady*, *Pygmalion*, or *Silenus*, and our respect for Mr. Woolner's poetical talent makes us regret that anything in the present volume causes us to think less well of it than of its forerunners.

HERBERT B. GARROD.

Memorials of Sir H. B. Edwardes. By his Wife. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THIS bulky book, which we are expressly told is not a "life," is yet, perhaps, more than an adequate monument of the career of one who might be called the "last of the Crusaders." Herbert Edwardes belonged to that peculiar school of Anglo-Indians which had so much fame and influence thirty years ago. *Autres temps autres mœurs*; the knights' bones are dust and their good swords rust; and the work that they did is done. They took a view of India which is now hard to realise. They regarded the natives with good humoured patronage, never doubting of their own power to manage their affairs for them, and (for the most part) feeling pretty sure that this management would extend beyond mundane affairs and tend to bring the benighted heathens to an enjoyment of that truth in spiritual matters in which they themselves held such happy trust. Sustained by this enthusiasm, the officers of this school fought and ruled with as sincere and efficacious a fanaticism as ever animated the Arabs of early Islam or the shoeless recruits of the French Revolution. Joined to these convictions Edwardes possessed an active mind, and a kindly belief in his fellow men. Above all, he trusted in himself; a feeling which few of us, perhaps, in this self-analysing age, find easy to cultivate, yet which has been at the bottom of more success than any other human characteristic.

Lady Edwardes has wisely left the task of telling the story mainly to her husband's resolute pen. Take this extract from the young hero's account of the encounter between his levies and the vastly superior force of Mularj, after the murder of Anderson and Agnew at Multan, in 1848:

"As I stepped on shore and buckled the strap of my cap under my chin, I remember thinking that no Englishman could be beaten on June 18. Nor am I ashamed to remember that I thought me of a still happier omen and a far more powerful aid—the goodness of my cause and the God who defends the right. . . . I doubted only for a moment—one of those long moments to which some angel seems to hold a microscope and show millions of things within it. It came and went between the stirrup and the saddle. It brought with it difficulties, dangers, responsibilities, and possible consequences, face to face; but it left none behind. I knew I was fighting for the right. I asked God to help me to do my duty; and I rode on certain that He would do it."

This extract strikes at once the key-note and the dominant of the whole composition.

Trust in his God and in his own quick wit and hardy courage stood by Herbert Edwardes from that critical day to the end of his active existence. From that moment the young subaltern's fortune was in his own hands. The happy allusion to the date of his victory won the favour of the Duke of Wellington. The *Times* took up the British officer who could beat natives with a native force, without "a European regiment to bear the brunt and do the business of the day." That opening, for want of which many a good man has gone down to oblivion, was procured for Edwardes, and was turned by him to the best of uses for his country and for himself. He was at once gazetted major and C.B., and was a marked man for future employment.

In 1850 he spent a year in England, being *fêted* and D.C.L'd; but the next year saw him back in the land of his adoption. He was made deputy-commissioner of the Jalandar Duab; and he remained for some time in that position, helping largely in the work of conciliation and consolidation which has made the Punjab one of the most creditable portions of the British empire in the East. In 1855 Edwardes originated the negotiations which led to the first treaty of alliance with Kabul, which was to heal the wounds of the past, and lay the foundation of a happier future. He was by that time Commissioner of the Peshawar Division. "It was a service," writes Lady Edwardes, "for which he never received a 'thank you' in public acknowledgment or recognition that the work was his own." But Lord Canning wrote privately to him soon after assuming the government, thanking him for the part he had taken in the negotiations, and for their successful issue; adding that he felt "the more bound to do this because the first suggestion" had come from Edwardes, and promised to prove both "wise and useful." It need hardly be added that the main principle—that of aiding the *de facto* Amir of Kabul with money and arms—has characterised all subsequent compacts with Afghanistan. It may be further observed that, whether right or wrong, Edwardes seems to have been the inventor of the policy of "masterly inactivity"; that he thought that the British interests would be best served by maintaining "a strong, independent, and friendly Afghanistan"; and that the true military frontier of India was neither at Herat nor on the Indus, but on the hither-side of the passes, where an enemy would debouch upon the plains. "By waiting on our present frontier," so he wrote at the time, "we husband our money, organise our line of defence, rest upon our base and railroads, save our troops from fatigue, and bring our heaviest artillery into the field." He concludes by declaring that "there is a distinct feeling throughout Afghanistan that the Russians are not so trustworthy as the English." But he contemplated these things without any ill-temper towards Russia. He held that it was not for us to forbid the approach of any civilised power to our frontier, and that we should, if possible, come to an amicable understanding with the Russian government, communicating to that power the boundary that we meant to maintain, and renouncing all intention of interfering beyond that limit.

The outbreak of '57 found Edwardes at

NEW NOVELS.

What's Mine's Mine. By George MacDonald. In 3 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

The Chilcotes; or, Two Widows. By Leslie Keith. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Woman with a Past. By Mrs. Berens. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Bliss of Revenge. By T. Evan Jacob. (Sonnenschein.)

Fickle Fortune. By Robina F. Hardy. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Co.)

The Mark of Cain. By Andrew Lang. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Innocent or Guilty. By Marion Greenhill. (Maxwell.)

THE application of Mr. George MacDonald's perhaps too colloquial title is not quite so obvious as it might be, though the probable reference is to the conduct of a very objectionable Englishman who has purchased an estate in Scotland, and who, actuated partly by characteristic selfishness, and partly by almost insane revenge, evicts the peasantry, in order to turn their little ancestral plots into a deer-forest. This Mr. Peregrine Palmer, one of the most irredeemable cads in recent fiction, is a character drawn with all the force and impressiveness of Mr. MacDonald's strongest manner. In this respect he is more successful than some of the pleasanter people to whom the novel introduces us; but I incline to think that he somewhat oversteps the modesty of nature. Mr. MacDonald is not one of the modern realists, and probably would not care to be classed with them. He never strives after their passionless and impartial method of delineation, and his very passion and partiality give him the special kind of force which enables us to realise so vividly the personality of some of his creations. On the other hand, the fact that these creations are to him not merely characters to be described but human beings to be loved or hated, tempts him occasionally into a certain exaggeration of touch which impairs credibility. We cannot quite realise the life-likeness of either Ian Macraugh or Mr. Palmer, for the simple reason that the lofty and admirable qualities of the one and the low and repellent qualities of the other possess a harmonious and rounded perfectness that fails to recall the very mixed human nature with which daily life makes us familiar. Still, though one may find this or that imaginative defect in such a character as that of Ian, one would not wish to part with it; for the contemplation of a noble human ideal always brings with it a sense of enlargement and refreshment, and Mr. MacDonald's ideals are of exceptional and winning nobility. There is less story in *What's Mine's Mine* than in almost any other of the author's books, and we reach the middle of the second volume before any movement of the narrative becomes visible. The story, however, is merely a vehicle for the working out of a spiritual motif, the redemption of a low nature by contact with a higher; and the rescue of Christina and Mercy Palmer from the slough of a shallow and vulgar worldliness is a singularly fine study in the development of character. The incidents of the shooting of Alistair's favourite deer and of the eviction

of Mistress Conal are related with real power and pathos; and though *What's Mine's Mine* cannot be ranked with *David Elginbrod* and *Robert Falconer*, it contains imaginative work which is sufficiently characteristic of its author to be very satisfying and delightful.

Leslie Keith's powers are so steadily maturing that she ought soon to win a high place for herself among novelists of the second class. If her conception of character and situation were as original as her workmanship is admirable, one might say even more than this, for her handling has an ease, a dexterity, and a finish which are by no means common; and we are, therefore, disappointed by a certain limitation and imitativeness in the region of invention. The two most prominent characters in *The Chilcotes* are conceived and painted with such combined vigour and subtlety that, were they creations, they would be really striking and memorable; but it will be obvious to every reader that they are taken direct from the pages of *Midlemarch*, and that their identity is in no way concealed by a few shreds of disguise. Janet Chilcote is a stronger and clearer-sighted Dorothea, while Stephen Prior is a weaker Ladislav, without Ladislav's chivalrous instincts and sense of honour. Happily Janet is not taken in by the surface glow of her selfish pleasure-loving admirer; and Leslie Keith shows her fine insight by representing the conventional, unimaginative, superficially shrewd Mrs. Tom, rather than the sensitive, imaginative, and unsuspecting Janet, as the woman who is really deceived by the very unsatisfactory Stephen. Mrs. Tom, with her cut-and-dried notions, her supreme belief in herself, and her passion for managing other people's lives, is a triumph of delicately truthful characterisation; and, if the type be familiar, the individual is a fresh and original conception. The painter Pringle is a beautiful and gracious figure, and his friend Finch, though only a sketch, is equally charming. *The Chilcotes* is, in short, an unusually able and interesting novel; and, if I have seemed to speak in a way that savours of depreciation, it is because Leslie Keith gives so much that one expects more than it is, perhaps, fair to expect. Life would be a good deal pleasanter if all novelists gave as much.

Mrs. Berens has written a gruesome book. In the case of a person with such a past as belongs to the woman whose story she tells for us, it would surely have been an act of charity to draw the veil of silence over the harrowing events. The poor thing is only about twenty-five when the third volume closes, so it would have been easy, as well as kind, to give her a fresh start and a chance for a future. As, however, her biographer has treated her subject with unsparing frankness, the critic must sadly follow her lead. The unfortunate heroine of these memoirs was born of poor, but pious, parents, and was early trained for the stage, where she was from the first moment a brilliant success. At her *début* she meets, and is wooed and won by, a certain John Stanley, a poor creature, but her own. One night, while returning from the theatre, a fiend in human shape carries her off. She reaches her home at such a late hour that she has lost her character. To save her from any annoyance on this head

his post imbued with these convictions. How nobly he demeaned himself throughout that terrible crisis is well known to students of Kaye and Malleon and to readers of Mr. Bosworth Smith's stirring *Life of Lord Lawrence*. The differences of opinion between Edwardes and his chief as to the benefit of the treaty with Kabul and the retention of ground beyond the Indus are described, but not emphasised, in Lady Edwardes's pages. It will suffice here to say that the views of the subordinate ultimately prevailed, and received their full justification from the ordeal of events.

Space fails; and, indeed, the story is nearly told. The only other considerable public service of the soldier-civilian was the celebrated trial of the Wahhabis at Ambala. In 1865 Edwardes retired with the honorary rank of major-general, but with health permanently broken. He spent a few years of domestic happiness at home, years diversified by the labours usually pursued by retired officers of a religious turn. He spoke a good deal at missionary meetings, and took part in the opposition to Ritualism in the English Church which went on at that time with peculiar vigour. In 1868 he died, having only completed his forty-ninth year.

It may be doubted how far a lady is the fittest biographer of a deceased public servant, especially when he was her own beloved husband. Something we gain from the tender appreciation of such an annalist; but such a work cannot be history. Edwardes had heroic elements of character which might have been better brought out by a military writer; and his claim to be considered a statesman might perhaps have been more impartially discussed. The following extract from a lecture which he delivered at Manchester in 1860 will help us to form our own opinion as to the peculiarities which might have kept him from the first ranks, while it also shows the generosity and originality which accompanied them:

"Suppose there were to arise in the hearts of any number of our countrymen a strong conviction that India was a stewardship, that it could not have been for nothing that God placed it in the hands of England; and . . . that the greatest and oldest and saddest of India's wants is religious truth—suppose this conviction, springing up in the hearts of a few young men here, were to work like leaven there . . . and gradually grow into that giant thing that statesmen cannot hold, the public opinion of the land—what would be the consequence? . . . England, taught by both past and present, would set before her the noble policy of first fitting India for freedom, and then setting her free. . . . Yes! England may [then] leave her, keeping nothing but that commerce which she found so small and has made so vast. England may leave her; freely, frankly, gladly, proudly leave the stately daughter she has reared, to walk the future with a free imperial step."

The idea that underlies this—and more for which space is not here forthcoming—is marked with contentious matter; but there can be no denying that it is high and disinterested, and far above the scope of the average Anglo-Indian official of a quarter of a century back.

H. G. KEENE.

John marries her, both assuming false names, the consequence being—I am not quite sure about Mrs. Berens' law at this point—that the marriage is invalid. A brilliant, black-hearted, black-eyed siren entangles John with her fatal charms, and he deserts his wife and marries the siren. One memorable night sees the siren and him in the box of a certain theatre, the deserted one as Mignon on the boards. Conscience is awakened, floods of memory roll over him, religious mania fastens its fiery fangs in his brain, and he rushes from the theatre to his home, where, interpreting somewhat too literally the words of Scripture, he gouges out his eye, and deposits it on the sacred page. The right hand is far on its road to take its place beside the quivering eyeball when the siren rushes in, and there is, of course, a thrilling tableau. Finally, John is carried away to his own place, the lunatic asylum, where his shattered senses and mutilated form are wooed back into the nearest possible approximation to their primitive condition by the devotion of the deserted one in the dress of a sister of mercy; and the end of it all is that the two are again united, less sentimentally, but, it is to be hoped, more securely than on the first occasion. If Mrs. Berens has an imaginary future for this unhappy woman, it is to be hoped that it will not "copy fair its past."

The title of Mr. Jacob's novel finds little justification in the story; but, after all, "What's in a name?" The plan of the book is symmetrically orthodox, consisting of a plot and under-plot, the complication and resolution of which reflect each other with striking fidelity. The characters are well conceived, but not equally well developed. Richard Robson and Agnes Keelson have spent much time in an effort to solve the problems of life, the result being that they have become agnostics with a pantheistic leaning. Robson and the devoted Agnes are very sympathetically treated, so we are not surprised at the introduction of an exceedingly objectionable clergyman, a certain Mr. Bryanson, the headmaster of a public school, who exhibits the debasing effects of orthodox Christianity by dismissing Robson from his post under pretence of ridding the school of an atheist, but really to make way for his son Jack. He, of course, is narrow, tyrannical, and inordinately selfish, while his sister Margaret and his son Jack—whom he destines for the heroine, using very unclerical means to attain his end—are counterparts of himself. The characters in the under-plot, being only reproductions of the above, with the necessary variations, may without injustice be ignored; and concerning Mr. Jacob's style the less said the better. There is a dinner-table conversation, the woodenness of which is really unique.

Miss Hardy's *Fickle Fortune* scarcely merits the praise which has been bestowed upon her previous works, notably that given to *Aldersyde* by Mr. Gladstone, a letter from whom is prominently printed on the cover of her latest book. The chief charm of the new story lies in the author's treatment of the less important characters. The heroine, Gertrude Ingram, is decidedly uninteresting, being perhaps rendered so by the fact that the constituents of her character are placed before

us much in the same way as the lines and angles of a proposition in Euclid. The three prominent masculine characters divide the interest pretty equally among them; and it is difficult to decide whether Logan Hazelwood, who ultimately marries the heroine, or Maurice Victor, with whom she is in love until nearly the close of her story, is to be regarded as the hero. Jacob Willis, the supposed Guy Ingram, is the best sustained character in the book, and is a very creditable villain, not being, as the villains of feminine fiction are wont to be, without one or two redeeming touches. The impostor's wife is a pathetically drawn portrait; and when Miss Hardy deals with the Scotch character she certainly merits the high praise of Mr. Gladstone. The old servant, Malcolm, is a creation which Scott himself would not have been ashamed to own.

Taken as a whole, *The Mark of Cain* is a disappointing performance, for Mr. Andrew Lang is a writer from whom we expect much. I say as a whole, because in some respects it is not in the least disappointing. There are passages which glow with a fine, quiet humour, and sentences which scintillate with wit—polished, scholarly wit like that of which the late James Hannay was a master; and there is also a delicate, but very perceptible, literary flavour which will appeal pleasantly to readers of the better class. But then comes the reflection that *The Mark of Cain*, being a story, must be judged as a story; and so judging, it is impossible to praise it without very large reserves. Were it not clearly written without any *arrière pensées*, one might easily imagine it to be a sly caricature of the "shilling dreadful" class to which it belongs; for the typical features of the class—its unreality in character, its extravagance in incident and situation—are emphasised and exaggerated just in the same way, and nearly to the same degree, that they would have been had Mr. Lang written with a frankly humorous and satirical intent. Gross improbabilities, which would be absurdities in an ordinary novel, may be allowed to the romancer; but even romance demands a certain restraint and parsimony in these matters, and Mr. Lang is a very prodigal. Our powers of believing should have some rest, and he allows us none, the consequence being that his story is, on the whole, as irritatingly extravagant as it is in parts undoubtedly clever.

The chief merit of *Innocent or Guilty* is its brevity. The plot is of murder and mesmerism all compact; but, though by some people the separate ingredients of the dish will be considered piquant, the combination is not skilful enough to be appetising. The hero of the story is a villain, without the fascinations of villainy, the heroine a young person devoid of the graces of heroism.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A Catalogue of Books placed in the Galleries in the Reading Room of the British Museum. (Printed by order of the Trustees.) As readers at the British Museum know, an important addition has recently been made to their convenience, which was rendered possible (like so many other improvements) by the transfer of the natural

history collections to South Kensington. Room having thus been found elsewhere for the immense series of periodicals which formerly filled the upper galleries of the reading-room, this space has now been far more appropriately filled with a collection of those books which were found by experience to be most frequently asked for by readers. The present volume is a catalogue, compiled by Mr. G. W. Porter, of this collection. It does not, therefore, pretend to be a list of books of reference; for that, recourse must still be made to the list of books on the lower shelves of the reading room, of which no new edition has been published since 1871. But if the two catalogues be consulted in combination, they will satisfy any reasonable enquirer. The total number of volumes in both lists amounts to about 60,000; and the collection will be kept up to date by including new editions as well as new books. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the advantage that museum readers derive from having such a collection available in a single room, and at all hours. Not only is time saved in getting a volume wanted; but the volume is also accessible in the evening, when it could not be fetched from other parts of the library. The catalogue is arranged according to author's names, with details of the contents of collected publications; and a copious index of subjects has been added.

Recollections of Mr. James Lenox, of New York, and the Formation of his Library. By Henry Stevens. (Henry Stevens & Son.) In default of a regular biography, the son of Henry Stevens could have published no more characteristic memorial of him than this reprint of a paper read before the Library Association in 1883. For though the subject is nominally the Lenox library, the real hero is the author himself, who recounts with conscious pride the part he took in the gathering together from European sale rooms of the gems of that famous collection. While it is to be regretted that Henry Stevens did not live to fulfill his intention of expanding this paper into a more complete record of his own life's work, we are glad to learn from the Preface that he has left several essays on historical and geographical subjects, which his son hopes to publish. The present volume will always be valued for its interesting revelations about the trade of book-hunting during the middle years of this century. It is adorned with two portraits of Henry Stevens, engraved on wood—one after a miniature of about 1847, the other after a late photograph. Both have autographs—the former with the mystic "G. M. B." appended, the latter with the more familiar "of Vermont." There is also a portrait of Mr. Lenox, who died in 1880, after having first dedicated his library (under stringent conditions) to the public of New York. Needless to add that the book has been printed and bound in a style worthy of its subject. If this can be done for 6s., it is clear that economy is not the sole cause that "spoils our new English books."

The Aberdeen Printers. By J. P. Edmond. Part IV. (Aberdeen: Edmond & Spark.) This part completes a most excellent piece of work begun by Mr. Edmond in 1884. In that year he published successively three parts, containing a description of the early issues of the Aberdeen press, from its establishment by Edward Raban, in 1620, down to the resignation of his municipal office by James Nicol, in 1736. With the last of these parts he circulated a hand-list of desiderata, the replies to which, aided by his own diligent researches, have enabled him to augment the original 184 pages of titles to 256. He has also prefixed to the present part brief historical notices of the printers. It must be confessed that the only one of these in whom it is possible to take any personal interest is Raban; and, fortunately,

the information about Raban is exceptionally full. Of his origin we know nothing except that he describes himself, on one of his own title-pages, as "Anglus," and that he printed on his account at Edinburgh and St. Andrews before he settled at Aberdeen. Mr. Edmond's examination of the burgh records has disclosed that he was twice married, and that he did not die till 1658, though he ceased to print in 1649. A facsimile is given of a bond containing one of the only two of his known signatures. As showing the spirit in which Mr. Edmond has executed the work, it will suffice to quote his his own words, used in another connexion:

"To the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, Librarian of the University of Cambridge, I owe more than I can find words to express. Encouragement at the commencement, direction while in progress, and commendation bestowed in unmeasured terms—all this I received from the friend whose opinion I valued above all others."

It is impossible to part from this work without a word of gratitude to the printer as well as the compiler. They have combined to make it a model of local bibliography.

WITH his new volume of selections from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Gomme has entered upon the field of archaeology. In the earlier numbers of that periodical contributions on this branch of study appeared but rarely, and the few communications which related to it were disfigured by wild theories or by extravagant conclusions. As years rolled on the study passed, in the hands of its chief professors, into the dignity of a science; and when the *Gentleman's* ceased to be a periodical devoted to antiquity, the most valuable of its contents, outside the range of obituary notices, described the finds of skilled antiquaries among the remains of past ages. Two writers stand out above all their fellows in the pages of Mr. Gomme's last contribution to the series of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock). These authors are, happily for antiquarianism, still left to us in an honoured old age, and their names are the Rev. J. C. Atkinson and Mr. C. Roach Smith. The papers of the former antiquary deal with the traces of our remote ancestors to be found among the picturesque moorlands of North Yorkshire, a district which he has known intimately, and loved with unbroken devotion, for many years. The counties of Essex and Kent supply most of the subjects of Mr. Roach-Smith's memoirs; and if another student of Celtic remains describes his investigations within these limits, he is careful to note, as does the essayist on p. 111, that Mr. Roach-Smith was his pioneer. With such enthusiasts still ready to assist his labours, Mr. Gomme must have found his last task one of exceptional interest. This volume, and that shortly to follow on Roman remains in Great Britain, will prove of durable value.

THE munificence of many English citizens, and the niggardly spirit shown by the ratepayers of London in the establishment of libraries, are the chief points brought out in Mr. Thomas Greenwood's *Free Public Libraries*. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) The generosity of wealthy Englishmen will no doubt last unimpaired so long as their country endures, the shortsighted meanness of the householders of London will before long pass away. There are already indications of improvement. The free library at Westminster is no longer solitary. It has found companions at Wandsworth and Richmond, and within a few months a similar building will be erected at the foot of Wimbledon Hill. To all those interested in this movement—one of the most successful that has been set on foot by the last generation—the collections of Mr. Greenwood will prove of interest and value. His pages may sometimes savour too much of the character of a local newspaper,

but they are the embodiment of much useful matter obtained from trustworthy sources. It is especially a practical work, rich in plans of libraries already constructed, and full of hints likely to add to the usefulness of libraries in the future. For his zeal and energy we could overlook far greater faults than any which Mr. Greenwood has committed; but we own to a momentary twinge of pain at the reproduction in full of a dull letter, written not by Lord Randolph Churchill, but by his private secretary.

MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT's reprint of John Downes's rare tract, *Roscius Anglicanus*, proves an invaluable contribution to the history of the Restoration Stage. Beautifully printed and bound, it is enriched with a scholarly introduction, which makes one regret that the reprint has appeared in an edition limited to 125 copies. Accuracy is seldom the chief care of writers about the stage; but Mr. Knight spares himself no pains to lay trustworthy information—and that alone—before his readers. Genest has undoubted claims on the gratitude of students of theatrical history, and these Mr. Knight never ignores; but Mr. Knight's researches are undertaken with such thoroughness and insight that even Genest is proved at times in error. Downes's book sketches in detail the history of the Lincoln's Inn Fields and Drury Lane Theatres between 1660 and 1706, the period of the author's employment as prompter at the former playhouse; and Mr. Knight shows that all the characteristics of the modern theatres took their rise within these years. The editor's remarks on the production of Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in 1656 are well worthy the attention of every intelligent playgoer. Mr. Knight has printed for the first time some interesting MS. notes on Downes's pamphlet by Isaac Reed, and has added a facsimile of the Act of 1642 suppressing stage plays. Messrs. Jarvis & Son are the publishers of the little volume, which is likely to be as valuable in a month or two as its almost unique original.

MR. JOHN HOLMES, of Holmsted, near Leeds, has reprinted for private circulation, under the title of "John Ruskin: a Reminiscence," his two letters in the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent* of April, 1886, giving an account of his correspondence and interviews with Mr. Ruskin. The first interview took place at the Working Men's College, in the drawing-class room, in or about the year 1852, when Mr. Holmes got the critic's opinion on and against a supposed Turner which he had bought. The second was at Lugano, on June 7, 1870. Mr. Holmes was examining Luini's splendid fresco there when Mr. Ruskin, with some lady friends, arrived, and had an interesting talk over the distemper picture. Lastly, in 1873, Mr. Holmes detected a mistake in Turner's picture, "The Lock and the Mill," engraved by himself in the *Liber Studiorum*. The painter had made the lock gates open the wrong way, with the stream instead of against it. Mr. Holmes wrote to Mr. Ruskin about it, and now prints that critic's letter admitting Turner's blunder: "He simply has not been minding what he was about."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are now issuing, in monthly volumes, an edition of Mr. Henry James's novels which is substantially identical with the edition published in a box in 1883. This, however, is bound in blue cloth, with gold border lines, somewhat similar to the format of the "Golden Treasury." It has also a considerable advantage in the matter of margin, for it is "uncut." The type is clear, though small.

AFTER a lapse of nearly two years Mr. William Ludlow has published (with Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) a new volume of his reprint of the plays in the first folio of Shakspeare.

As containing "The Tempest," with which the folio begins, this volume also includes the dedication, introductory verses, &c., as well as a reproduction of the portrait. The price of each volume is only eighteenpence; and if the series were better known it would doubtless receive more support.

THE last number (12) of the privately printed opuscula issued to the members of the "Sette of Odd Volumes" contains the presidential address of Mr. George Clulow, who bears the office of xylographer to the Sette. These opuscula, which are printed by Mr. Wyman, are strictly confined to an edition of 133 copies.

WE are glad to welcome a second volume, after a somewhat long delay, of Poletto's *Dizionario Dantesco*, including the letters D, E, F (London: David Nutt), though it does not contain so many important articles as the first volume, which we noticed briefly when it appeared. The following may be mentioned as the most interesting or important, viz., those on Dio, Donna, Ecclesiastici, Fede, Feltro, Firenze.

NOTES AND NEWS.

PROF. SAYCE has been elected president of the London Philological Society for the current year, in succession to Prof. Skeat.

M. JAMES DARMESTETER writes from Peshawar, under date May 2, that he has been travelling for some five weeks on the Afghan frontier. He has been studying the Pushtu language, and also the civilisation and characteristics of the Afghans, which afford an interesting contrast with the Hindus. He was on the point of departure for Simla, where he proposes to spend the summer, working up the materials he has already acquired. In the autumn he will return to Bombay, where he stayed only a few days after landing, and there devote some time to the study of Parsi life and religion, which is the main object of his visit to India.

MR. WHITLEY STOKES will edit for the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" series, with translation, glossarial index, &c., the lives of nine saints—Patrick, Brigit, Colombeille, Senan, Finnén, Finnchu, Brenainn (the famous Brannan of so many legends), Mochua and Ciaran—from the Duke of Devonshire's MS. the "Book of Lismore," written about 1460 A.D.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will shortly publish a new book of travel by Mr. Stuart Glennie, giving an account of his recent visits to Thessaly, Macedonia, and the islands of the Ionian and Thracian Seas.

MR. HAMERTON has promised to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of papers illustrating the contrast between English and French life. The first will appear in the July number.

L'Euvre, M. Zola's last novel, has been translated into English, and will be published next week by Messrs. Vizetelly & Co. under the title of *His Masterpiece*; or, Claude Lantier's Struggle for Fame. A portrait of the author, etched by M. Bocourt, will be given as a frontispiece to the volume.

THE June number of *Illustrations* will contain some more verses from the pen of Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will be the publishers in this country of the new novel by Prof. A. S. Hardy, author of *But yet a Woman*. It will be entitled *The Wind of Destiny*.

THE same publishers announce two other novels—*A Lily among Thorns*, by Joanna Harrison; and *Neera*; a Tale of Ancient Rome, by J. W. Graham.

MR. THOMAS ARNOLD'S annotated edition of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Book VI., will be published immediately by the Clarendon Press.

THE new volume in the "Camelot Classics" will be a selection from Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, with an introductory note by Mr. Havelock Ellis.

A CHEAPER edition of Mr. John Ashton's work, *The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England*, is to be published immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. It will be in one volume, instead of two, and will contain all the original illustrations.

MR. UNWIN also announces *Merciful or Merciless*, a one-volume novel, by Mr. Stackpool E. O'Dell.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish shortly *Colonial France*; its History, Administration and Commerce, by Capt. H. W. Norman.

AN English translation of *Frederick Ozanam's Letters*, with a connecting sketch of his life, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME has a new book in the press entitled *Idle Thoughts by an Idle Fellow*, which will be published by Messrs. Field & Tuer.

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON, author of several similar biographical books, has in the press a volume entitled *Girls who became famous*. It will give twenty sketches of notable English and American women, including Jean Ingelow, Lady Brassey, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, George Eliot, Miss Alcott, and Margaret Fuller. A volume of short stories from the pen of Mrs. Bolton will also appear at an early date.

AN illustrated work on the pearl bearing shell by Mr. Streeter, entitled *Pearls and Pearl Life*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Streeter & Co., of New Bond Street.

THE work on *Worlebury: an Ancient Stronghold in Somerset*, which we announced last autumn as in preparation by Mr. C. W. Dymond and the Rev. H. G. Tomkins, is now ready for issue to subscribers.

A REPRINT of a paper in the *Westminster Review* on "The Woman Question from a Socialist Point of View," by Edward and Eleanor Mary Aveling, will be published immediately by Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. CHARLES A. VINCE, now at Repton, has been elected to succeed Dr. Weymouth as headmaster of Mill Hill School.

THE New Shakspere Society's next paper will be on "Hamlet's Age," by Sir Edward Sullivan, instead of the paper formerly promised by Mr. Frank Marshall.

AT the last meeting of the Philological Society Dr. Whitley Stokes stated that the names "Hebrides" and "Iona," like "Grampians," were "ghost" words, due simply to blundering misreaders of MSS.: the real names are "Hebudes," "Iova," and "Graupians."

WE do not know whether Malvolio's sonnet or ballad ("Twelfth Night," III. iv. 25) has been identified before: "This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*" (Folio 1, p. 267); but if not, Mr. W. H. Chappell says it is the ballad entered to Henry Kirkham in the Stationers' Registers on January 18, 1592 (ii. 602, Arber) "The crow shee sits upon the wall: Please one and please all."

THE New York *Nation* of May 13 has a review of the two new volumes of Mr. Hodgkin's

Italy and her Invaders, which concludes thus: "Every page of the work shows the fruits of conscientious industry and literary skill."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE University of 'Cambridge has resolved to confer upon Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. It is also stated that Dr. Holmes will shortly pay a visit to Oxford as the guest of Prof. Max Müller.

To fill the vacancy in the list of the fifteen selected candidates, occasioned by the death of Dr. T. R. Lewis, the president and council of the Royal Society have nominated Mr. Adam Sedgwick, fellow and lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Sedgwick is distinguished for his discoveries in animal morphology, especially in embryology.

MR. HENRY IRVING will deliver one lecture at Oxford (not four lectures, as previously stated) on "English Actors." The date fixed is June 26, the Saturday before commemoration, at 9.30 p.m.; the place is the new schools.

DR. NEUBAUER's long-expected Catalogue of Hebrew MSS. at Oxford, both in the Bodleian and in college libraries, may be expected next month. It will range with the quarto series of Bodleian catalogues begun by Mr. Cox. A special feature of interest in this work is the folio atlas of facsimiles (executed at the University Press), which will give a specimen of nearly every national variety of Hebrew writing; and, in order to make these tables more generally obtainable, they will be sold separately. The learned compiler of this catalogue is to be congratulated on the completion of his laborious task; and we do not doubt that it will give a fresh stimulus to the study of Hebrew, and especially Rabbinical, literature.

THE three first numbered copies of the large paper edition of the late Prof. Willis's *Architectural History of the University of Cambridge* will be presented to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Chancellor of the University.

WE hear that King's College, Cambridge, intends to offer its hospitality to Mr. J. H. Middleton, the new Slade professor. In addition to his public lecture once a week, Mr. Middleton has two small classes (one every day) on "Greek Inscriptions" and "Greek Coins."

THE Rev. Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, principal of the future Mansfield College, has already taken up his residence at Oxford.

PROF. LAURIE, of Edinburgh, will deliver two lectures at Cambridge next week, in connexion with the teachers' training syndicate, upon "English in the School as a Concrete Study."

IN a recent report of the syndics of the University Press at Cambridge it is stated that the accounts show a substantial annual profit on the capital invested. It is proposed to renew the partnership with Mr. C. J. Clay and his two sons for a further term of ten years.

SHAKSPERE'S *Julius Caesar* has been selected as a subject of the general examination at Cambridge in 1887.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

HOPE.

[After the picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.—now at the Grosvenor Gallery—in which Hope is represented drooping over a lute, of which all the strings but one are broken. She is seated on the globe; the time is night; the darkness is

pierced by a single star; the eyes of Hope are bandaged.]

Hope, thou hast wandered far into the night,
Thy weariness has made the world its throne,
While all thy life hangs trembling on the tone
Which stands thy darkened eyes in lieu of light.

Thy lute has felt the storm's extreme despite,
And but one string whence music has not flown
Is left to it, one string wherewith alone
To sound the spirit's depths or prove its height.

Oh win for us the secret of that tense
Unbroken midmost chord! It may recall
The scattered tones, nay, haply may surprise
Thee with a vision to inform the sense;
And gift thee out of wreck and wrong withal
To see the city of God to music rise.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

OBITUARY.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

To speak of the great student whose long and fruitful life has at last been brought to a close as the greatest historian of his time, is to fail to appreciate his work at its due value. He was more than this. He was a path-maker, and that, too, not in one direction only. He did not found a school, like a painter whose art takes a particular turn, which is copied, and probably exaggerated, by those who gather round him. He developed instinctively in himself all the tendencies which were to appear in the collective work of a younger generation.

It would have been much for any man to lead the way in the conscientious use of MS. authorities, or in the divorce of history from modern politics, or in the search into the roots of character and action in the mental and moral attainments of each special period. It was Ranke's glory not only to have pointed the way in all these matters, but, in one respect to have reached an achievement which was all his own. No one else has been able to speak with equal authority on the history of so many nations. Grote wrote nothing on the history of Rome, Mommsen has written nothing on the history of Greece. Ranke was equally at home in the Germany of the Reformation, in the France of Louis XIV., and in the England of Charles I. and Cromwell.

Something, no doubt, of Ranke's sympathetic power is attributable to the unattractive nature of German politics in the years after the overthrow of Napoleon, when Ranke was passing out of his teens. An English youth, or a French youth, with a strong national life around him, if he be attracted to history at all, passes to it under the impression made upon his mind by the political activity surrounding him. Ranke's manhood opened not without admiration for the heroic efforts made by his own countrymen who had taken a leading part in striking down the oppressor of Europe, but without any admiration whatever for their political achievements. There was nothing to make him seek his life work in purely national history.

If he was unconsciously influenced by what must then have appeared to be the great German failure, it is not unlikely that his early studies at the Friar helped him in the same direction. Of all diplomatists, those of Venice were the most observant, because they had no special policy to serve. They did not want to conquer anyone, or even to overreach anyone. They wanted to discover facts of character and facts of action, in order that they might escape being overpowered by others. This objective way of dealing with politics must have been highly agreeable to Ranke, even if it did not—as it probably did—influence his own mind.

Yet it is not in the thoroughness of his investigations, nor even in the width of his knowledge, that Ranke's best strength is to be found. It is rather in his conception of history

as dealing with a succession of mental stages in which the personalities of historic characters are rooted, and which they in turn influence. It is this, more than anything else, which made him the master that he was.

Even masters, however, have their shortcomings; and it has been said, with truth, of Ranke that he interests students rather than the generality of readers. If this merely meant that he did not write as Macaulay wrote, it would mean that he was a better historian than Macaulay. Surely, however, it means more than this. The most devoted student cannot fail to perceive that there is something wanting which he would fain have there. Ranke, it is true, teaches him not to worship Luther and hate Louis XIV.; but to discover the influences under which Luther and Louis XIV. grew to be what they were. Yet, when that is gained, is there not another step to be ascended? Ranke is cold and unenthusiastic; and, in judging individuals, it is well to be cold and unenthusiastic. But is there no room for warmth of feeling in recounting the efforts and the struggles of the race? Is it not possible to do for history what Darwin has done for science? Ranke, at all events, did not do it. He knew of the influence upon individuals of great waves of feeling and opinion; but he does not seek for the law of human progress which underlies them. He does not rejoice in that progress, or grieve at failure. Hence, perhaps, in part his preference for writing the history of many nations during the same period, rather than the history of one nation consecutively. To say this, however, is only to say that there is no finality in scientific progress. Whatever shape the histories of the future may take, they will assuredly be built on the foundations which Ranke has laid down with unerring hand.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CASSANI, S. *La politica di Giacomo Leopardi nei paragoni*. Palermo: Giannone. 6 fr. 50 c.
 DEKKER, J. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. Ed. K. Warnke and L. Proscholdt. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M. 60 Pf.
 HAYDKMAN, H. *Dionysos' Geburt u. Kindheit*. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M.
 JULIEN, Ad. *Richard Wagner: sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Paris: Rouam. 40 fr.
 LANGGUTH, A. *Goethes Pädagogik historisch-kritisch dargestellt*. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.
 RADDE, G. *Reisen an der persisch-russischen Grenze*. Tilsch u. seine Bewohner. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.
 RAMBAUD, A. *La France coloniale*. Paris: Colin. 8 fr.
 SCHWARTZ, B. *Kamerun. Reise in die Hinterland der Kolonie*. Leipzig: Freyberg. 10 M.
 SOURLAT, M. *De la convention dans la tragédie classique et dans le drame romantique*. Paris: Hachette. 6 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- ARNDT, Th. *Die Stellung Eszechels in der alttestamentlichen Prophetie*. Berlin: Haack. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 CASPARI, C. P. E. *Augustin fälschlich beigelegte Homilia de sacrilegiis*. Christiania: Dybwad. 1 M. 70 Pf.
 OTTO, C. W. *Commentar zum Römerbrief*. 1. Thl. Cap. 1-7. Glauchan: Peschke. 9 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- COHAUSEN, A. v. *Der römische Grenzwall in Deutschland*. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 2 M.
 FLACH, J. *Les Origines de l'ancienne France. Le régime seigneurial (10^e et 11^e siècles)*. T. 1. Paris: Larose. 10 fr.
 GERDES, H. *Streitfragen zur Geschichte der Königin Maria Stuart*. Gotha: Perthes. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 GOTHEN, E. *Die Culturentwicklung Süd-Italiens in Einzel-Darstellungen*. Breslau: Koebner. 12 M.
 HUBER, A. v. *Der Kampf der Bulgaren um ihre Nationalität*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
 KOEHLER, G. *Die Entwicklung d. Kriegswesens u. der Kriegführung in der Ritterzeit von Mitte d. 11. Jahrh. bis zu den Hussitenkriegen*. 1. Bd. *Kriegsgeschichtliches von Mitte d. 11. bis Mitte d. 13. Jahrh.* Breslau: Koebner. 15 M.
 LEMANN, J. *L'entrée des Israélites dans la société française et les états chrétiens*. Paris: Lecoffre. 7 fr. 50 c.
 MAYER, O. *Theorie d. französischen Verwaltungsrechts*. Strassburg: Trübner. 10 M.
 WELZHOFF, H. *Allgemeine Geschichte d. Altertums*. 1. Bd. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DIEBOLD, W. *Ein Beitrag zur Anthropologie der Kleinasien*. Dorpat: Schnakenburg. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 GERNACHER, H. *Abhandlungen zur vergleichenden Anatomie d. Auges*. II. *Das Auge der Heteropoden*, geschildert an *Pterotrachea coronata* Forsk. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M.
 KÖRNER, F. *Leztes Aesthetik*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 80 Pf.
 KRAUS, G. *Ueb. Stoffwechsel bei den Crassulaceen*. Halle: Niemeyer. 3 M. 80 Pf.
 RADDE, G. *Die Fauna u. Flora d. südwestlichen Caspi-Gebietes*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- DIEDERICH, A. *Unsere Selbst- u. Schmelzlaute (auch die englischen) in neuem Lichte*. Oder Dehnung u. Brechung als solche u. letztere als Verätherin allglt., vorzetzl. u. vorgeschichtl. Wortwandelg. Strassburg: Trübner. 5 M.
 HERMAGANDRA'S *Liganaçana*, m. Commentar u. Uebersetzg. hrsg. v. R. O. Franks. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 4 M.
 HILGER DE GAZERINGEN, F. *De Graecorum fabulis ad Thracas pertinentibus quaestiones criticae*. Berlin: Haude & Spener. 2 M.
 MANKEL, W. *Laut- u. Flexionslehre der Mundart d. Münsterlandes im Elsass*. Strassburg: Trübner. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 PÄNTIN'S *Grammatik*. Hrsg., übers., erläutert u. m. verschiedenen Indices versehen v. O. Böttlingk. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Hoesel. 6 M.
 SCHILLING, H. *König Aelfred's angelsächsische Bearbeitung der Weltgeschichte d. Orosius*. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 SEEVERS, E. *Tübinger Bruchstücke der älteren Frostthunsgl.* Halle: Niemeyer. 3 M.
 WEINSHWEL, der. *Ein altdantes Gedicht aus der 2. Hälfte d. 13. Jahrh.* Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 WEISSENFELS, R. *Der daktylische Rhythmus bei den Minnesängern*. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HISTORICAL MSS. COMMISSION.

Brighton: May 15, 1886.

I have drawn attention, more than once, in the columns of the ACADEMY, to "Curiosities of official scholarship." The instance which I now propose to give will, I hope, lead to a searching inquiry, and compel the members of the Royal Commission, or, if not, the public, in its own interest, to see that the work among our national MSS., paid for out of national funds, should be entrusted no longer to demonstrably incompetent hands.

The Royal Commission, in their eighth Report, speak of the MSS. of the city of Chester as "beginning with Henry the Second's writ of license to the citizens of Chester to trade in Durham [sic] as they were wont to do in the time of Henry the First" (p. xv.). The MSS. are similarly described, in the actual report on them (p. 355-403), as "beginning with a curious writ, addressed by Henry the Second to his bailiffs of the city of Durham" (sic). This, which is among those items spoken of as "especially interesting and important," figures thus at the head of the calendar:

"(1) Henry II., License to the burgesses of Chester to buy and sell at Durham [sic] as they were wont to do in the time of Henry I.—Henricus Dei gracia Rex Anglie et Dux Normannie et Aquitanie et Comes Andegavie balliis [sic] de Dunelina [sic] salutem:—Precipio quod Burgenses Cestrie possint emere et vendere ad detailum [sic] dorailum] apud Dunelina[m] [sic] habendo et faciendo eadem consuetudines quas faciebant tempore Regis Henrici aui mei et eadem ibi habeant rectitudines et libertates et liberas consuetudines quas tempore illo habere solabant, teste, Willelmo filio Ald' dapifero, Apud Wintoniam."

Now the first thought that would strike anyone who had the slightest acquaintance with these subjects is—why Durham? What on earth had Chester to do with Durham? The very notion of such a license refutes itself. The second thought is that the bishop of Durham, and not the king, would have made this grant, had such a grant been ever possible. The third is that "every schoolboy knows" that "Dunelina" cannot be Durham (*Dunelmum*).

So much for the official interpretation of this "curious writ." What, then, is the true one?

Simply that we have here an historical document of great, and almost unique, interest, of which the precious witness has been obscured and lost by the blighting action of official ignorance. It will be found that the charters which follow it, and which are printed on the same page, refer to this "license" as relating to *Ireland*; that is to say, the town it applies to is not "Durham," but *Dublin*. The "*Dunelina*" (*Dublin*), which the original must contain, has been misread "*Dunelina*," and (presumably from ignorance of the Latin equivalent for *Dublin*) a shot has been made at "*Durham*."

We have, therefore, in this writ an almost, if not quite, unique reference by Henry II. to *Dublin* in the days of his grandfather, and a confirmation of the "libertates, etc.," which the men of Chester had then enjoyed there, just as if his grandfather had been in his own position. It is almost as if William the Conqueror had guaranteed to the burgesses of an English town their customs in the time of a Norman duke. Secondly, we have here record evidence not merely of a recognised connexion, but of what might be termed treaty relations, between the traders of Chester and the Ostmen of *Dublin* long previous to the conquest of Ireland.* This has, of course, a bearing on the question of "a Danish settlement" in Chester. Thirdly, we learn from this document that at the date of its issue *Dublin* was governed by bailiffs of the king (*ballivi sui*).

What, then, was its date? The clue is unfortunately slight; but, combining the witness with the place of testing, it would seem to point most probably to the close of 1175 or the earlier part of 1176. This brings us to the interesting question, Why was this writ issued? Remembering that while at *Dublin* (November, 1172—January, 1173) Henry II. had granted that city to his men of Bristol, is it not in accordance with the spirit of the time, and indeed a matter of virtual certainty, that Bristol should have striven, on the strength of this grant, to exclude "its rival port" (*Conquest of England*, p. 443) from the benefits of the *Dublin* trade? Chester would, thereupon, appeal to the king, on the strength of its antecedent rights, and would thus have obtained from him this writ recognising and confirming their validity.

It is, of course, impossible to say whether the existence of this instructive document has been ever made known before, except in the Report from which I have quoted, and in which it is so grossly perverted. As it is not alluded to in the official *Calendar of Documents relating to Ireland* (from 1171), or in Mr. Gilbert's *Historical and Municipal Documents of Ireland, from the Archives of the City of Dublin* (1172-1320), or, so far as I am aware, by the historians of Chester, I should infer that it has not.

If this damaging error stood alone I should not seek to judge it too harshly; but those who have read my two papers on "The True Story of the Leicester Inquests" (*Antiquary*, vol. xi., 1885), having reference to that Report on the Leicester MSS. which follows immediately on the Chester Report, together with such letters as those which appeared in the ACADEMY for September 20, 1884, December 6, 1884, and March 6, 1886, will most certainly agree with me that the sooner our archives cease to be entrusted to the tender mercies of Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson the better it will be for all those who are striving to reconstruct the history of the past.

J. H. ROUND.

* Thus confirming Mr. Green's observation that "The port of Chester depended on the trade with Ireland, which had sprung up since the settlement of the Northmen along the Irish coasts" (*Conquest of England*, p. 440).

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 31, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Animal Mechanics," V., by Dr. B. W. Richardson.

TUESDAY, June 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Function of Circulation," V., by Prof. A. Gamgee. 4 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "Races of Africa."

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Egyptian Antiquities in the Collection of F. G. H. Price," by Mr. Price.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Exhibition of a Specimen of a Fish embedded in a Pearl-Oyster," by Dr. Günther; "The Trachea of a Cuckoo (Nothocercus urumutum)," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; and "A Collection of Dragon-flies from Murree and Campbell-nore (North-west India) received from Major J. W. Yerbury," by Mr. W. F. Kirby.

WEDNESDAY, June 2, 8 p.m. Goethe Society: "Weimar as a Background to Goethe," by Mr. H. Schütz Wilson; and "Der westöstliche Divan," by Mr. A. Rogers.

8 p.m. Dialectical: "The Principles and Aims of Anarchists," by Mrs. C. M. Wilson.

THURSDAY, June 3, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Habit as a Factor in Human Morphology," II., by Prof. A. Macalister.

4 p.m. Royal Archaeological Institute: "Iconography of Angels," by Mr. R. F. Pullan; and "Greek Death-walls," by Mr. Theodore Bent.

FRIDAY, June 4, 3 p.m. Colonial Institute: "System of Land Transfer adopted by the Colonies," by Mr. J. D. Wood.

4 p.m. Royal Society: "Election of Fellows."

8 p.m. Philological: "The Independent and Dependent Forms of the Old-Irish Verb," by Mr. Whitley Stokes.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Sympathetic Nervous System," by Dr. W. H. Gaskell.

SATURDAY, June 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light, with special reference to Effects resulting from its Action on various Substances," II., by Prof. G. G. Stokes.

SCIENCE.

Outlines of a History of the German Language.
By H. A. Strong and Kuno Meyer. (Son-nenschein.)

THE first impression of most readers on glancing through this book will probably be that, small as the volume is, it contains a large proportion of padding, or, at any rate, of matter not very relevant to its proper subject. Such a criticism would be very unjust; but it would not be without considerable excuse, because the authors have nowhere clearly explained what is the precise object at which they have aimed. Drs. Strong and Meyer are connected with the Liverpool University College, the former as professor of Latin, and the latter as lecturer on the Teutonic languages; and they state in their Preface that the present work is "the result of a want felt by the authors in the course of their professional teaching." This statement, which presumably refers chiefly to Dr. Meyer, seems to suggest a satisfactory explanation of the apparently miscellaneous character of the contents of the volume. A teacher whose aim it is to impart a scientific knowledge of German to students possessing little or no previous acquaintance with philology will naturally have felt the need of a textbook containing an outline, not only of such essential facts of specially German philology as are beyond the range of grammars, but also of so much of the general science of language as will enable these facts to be appreciated in their true bearing. It is this need which Dr. Meyer and his colleague have attempted to supply. Accordingly their book, in addition to a sketch of the history of the German language, with comparative paradigms of Old, Middle, and Modern High German, and an appendix on German etymology, includes also a comprehensive account of the Indo-European family of languages, and of the Teutonic branch in particular, besides two preliminary chapters headed respectively "On Language" and

"On the Language of a Nation as an Expression of its Thought." If a great part of this information seems to be out of place, the reason is that the authors have misnamed their book. It is not a "History of the German Language," but it is exactly the sort of handbook which will be found useful by teachers of German who desire to give their pupils something more than a merely empirical knowledge of the modern language.

Although, however, Drs. Strong and Meyer have written primarily with a view to the needs of teachers and students of German, they have also done a good deal towards supplying a more general want—that, namely, of an English "primer of philology" embodying the more important results of the research of the last few years. The principal phonological laws affecting the relation of High German to the rest of the Teutonic dialects, and that of the Teutonic branch to the original Indo-European language, are briefly, but on the whole lucidly and accurately, explained, including some points which are not treated of in any other English work. It might perhaps have been well if a little more had been said about the laws relating to the vowels, as this part of the subject is the one which is least understood in this country. The authors acknowledge that their book is merely a compilation from German authorities; but they have at all events compiled judiciously, and their style of writing, where the subject admits of it, is decidedly attractive.

There are, however, a considerable number of oversights in matters of detail which ought to be corrected in future editions. In some places we read of *-a* stems of German nouns, and in other places of *-o* stems; but it is nowhere explained that the two expressions mean exactly the same thing. It would have been well to state that the inflexional forms of Old and Middle High German have many orthographical variants which are omitted in the paradigms. *Eiskalt* and *schneeweiss* are included in the list of German compounds which do not admit of literal translation, though "ice-cold" and "snow-white" are surely good English words. Several of the etymologies which are given in illustration of phonetic laws are obviously unsound. The identification of Gothic *haubith* (German *haupt*, English *head*) with the Greek *κεφαλή*, for example, is, so far as is known at present, inconsistent with the laws of vowel-change. The suggestion that *whale* and *wheel* are connected (p. 98) is utterly impossible; and, though the obsolete English *to round* (more properly *roune*), no doubt answers to the German *raunen*, the substantive *roundel* (p. 66) has nothing to do with it. It is stated that the primitive Indo-European *l, m, n, r*, become in Teutonic *ul, um, un, ur*, "when they originally formed a separate syllable"; what is really meant is that they assume this form in Teutonic in cases where they were originally vowels. The account of the Teutonic laws of desinence (p. 61) is in some degree obscured by a failure to distinguish between the phenomena of Gothic and those of common Teutonic. In treating of the runes the writers have consulted no authority later than the well-known work of Wimmer, and, accordingly, they speak of the inscription on the Tondern horn as "ex-

hibiting that Norse peculiarity, the change of an original voiced *s* (*z*) into *r*." As there is strong reason to believe that the rune which in later Norse inscriptions represented final *r* originally stood for *z*, this argument for the Scandinavian character of the language is merely a begging of the question. The mutual relations of the modern Scandinavian dialects are not quite correctly described. In enumerating the periods of the English language the authors have adopted (apparently from Prof. Wülker) a nomenclature which seems to me exceedingly perverse: "Old Anglo-Saxon" extends to the year 1100, "New Anglo-Saxon" to 1250, "Early English" to 1350, and "Middle English" to 1500. On p. 26 we are told that "the Alemanni were under Gothic sway till A.D. 635"—a misprint, perhaps, for 535, but the context unfortunately speaks of "the seventh century." It may be a discreditable confession to make, but I have not the remotest notion of what is meant by "the line of Calbe," which, on p. 75, is said to form the geographical boundary between High and Low German; nor (unless the reference be to the forms *wissen, visum*) do I know anything about "the perfect formed with *-s* still occurring in Old High German, and especially in Old Norse, but wanting in Gothic" (p. 65). Unless my ignorance is quite unparalleled, a few words in explanation of these puzzles would not have been ill bestowed.

My list of corrigenda has run to a greater length than I anticipated; but, notwithstanding these evidences of undue haste in preparation, the work is a valuable addition to English philological literature. It is to be hoped that the authors will not fail to carry out their intention, expressed in the preface, of expanding this spirited little sketch into a larger work: either into a regular history of the German language, or—what would in my opinion be still more desirable—into a systematic handbook of Teutonic philology, written from the point of view of the present position of the science.

HENRY BRADLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ADI GRANTH: ITS PRINCIPLE OF ARRANGEMENT.

London: May 25, 1886.

I venture to call the attention of your readers to what seems to me a matter of some general interest. It is commonly believed that the late excellent scholar Dr. Trumpp translated and published the whole of the *Adi Granth*. Several expressions in the Preface favour this view, and so does the title-page; but Dr. Trumpp in one place says that "it would be a mere waste of paper to add the minor Rāgs." I have no wish to write one depreciatory word concerning Dr. Trumpp, whose scholarship I greatly admire; but it certainly ought to be known that the "minor Rāgs" omitted constitute more than half the entire *Adi Granth*.

The learned doctor thought slightly of these minor Rāgs, because he failed to apprehend the system on which the hymns of the *Adi Granth* are arranged. He says distinctly that "no system or order is to be looked for in any of the Rāgs"; and it was his opinion that the "minor Rāgs seem to be a second gathering, or gleaming, as materials offered themselves, no attention being paid to the contents." Such, indeed, is the general opinion; but, by

applying similar principles of investigation to those which enabled me to discover the system on which the hymns of the Rig-Veda are arranged, I have been able to discover the method which underlies the arrangement of the Adi Granth also. The result of this discovery is that the Adi Granth is a homogeneous whole, every hymn being placed in its present position according to definite principles; and hence it follows that the minor Rāgs are as important as the larger collections. I shall shortly lay the details of the system before the learned world; but I may here state that the whole is arranged on metrical principles, and that, just as in the Rig-Veda, the order is a diminishing series. All that Dr. Trumpp has, therefore, done is to translate the four Rāgs of greatest bulk which happen to come first, merely in consequence of the method of arrangement adopted. What has been omitted is just as valuable as what has been published. But I must not trespass upon your space by going into details.

The main facts to which I now call attention are—(1) that the translation published contains less than half the Adi Granth, and (2) that the Granth is arranged on a definite system.

FREDERIC PINCOTT.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A NEW Scientific and Natural History Society has just been formed for the County of Middlesex. Lord Enfield, the lord lieutenant of the county, is to be the first president; and the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Ripon, Prof. Huxley, Sir John Lubbock, Prof. W. Flower, Sir F. Abel, and Dr. Archibald Geikie, are among those who have expressed their approval of the society, and will be vice-presidents. Mr. Sydney T. Klein, Clarence Lodge, Willesden, N.W., is the hon. secretary, to whom all applications in connection with the society should be addressed.

A SERIES of conferences on the native races of the British possessions is about to be held at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, under the auspices of the Anthropological Institute. The first of the series is to be held on June 1, and will deal with the natives of British Africa. A course of lectures, or "conferences," on the mineral resources of the British dependencies will also be held at the exhibition on Saturday afternoons, under the care of the Geologists' Association.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

ORIENTALISTS will be glad to hear that Prof. Italo Pizzi, of Turin, has at last completed his translation into Italian blank verse of Firdausi's great Persian epic, the *Shāh-nāma*; or, Book of Kings. Being unable to find a publisher for such a formidable work (120,000 lines in the original), he proposes issuing it by subscription, in eight octavo volumes of about 600 pages, for 5 frs. each, or the whole for 32 frs., payable in advance. Should sufficient names be received, the publication will begin towards the end of next October, and will be continued in parts (ninety-six pages each), appearing at the rate of one every three weeks, and on sale separately for one franc each at Loescher's and other booksellers in Turin. But all subscriptions for the whole work, or for any one of the eight volumes, are to be sent to the author's address, 16 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Turin. Specimens of the translation, in which Prof. Pizzi has been continuously engaged for the last eighteen years, have already appeared at various dates in Italy, and have been favourably noticed by the *Nuova Antologia* and other

scientific and literary periodicals. Some extracts accompanying the prospectus from which these particulars are taken display considerable vigour, fluency, and fidelity to the text.

THE last numbers of Bursian's *Jahresbericht* contain reports on Aristotle by Dr. Susemihl, Roman History by Dr. Schiller, Herodotus by Dr. Stein, and others.

THE *Goettingische gelehrte Anzeigen* of April contains a review of Prof. Robertson Smith's *Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia*, by A. Müller, entirely approving the author's conclusions.

WE regret to hear of the death of Dr. Gustav Hinrichs, of Berlin, at the age of 34. He was best known as a Homeric scholar, especially as author of a treatise *De Homericæ elocutionis vestigiis Aëolicis* (1875), and opponent of Dr. K. Sittl on the same subject.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 10.)

THE Rev. G. F. BROWN, President, in the Chair.—Mr. Bidwell exhibited six large round horse-shoes, of an early pattern, which had been lately found in Stuntney Fen; of these he presented three to the society.—Dr. Bryan Walker, continuing his paper on the British Camps in Wilts and the adjoining counties, read to the society on December 1, 1884, said that in 1885 he visited thirty more camps in the counties of Dorset, Somerset, Gloucester, and Hants, in addition to the thirty-two or thirty-three which he had visited in 1883, in Berkshire, Wilts, and Dorset. He considered he had clearly traced a line of Ligurian or Lloegrwyn forts from the western border of Dorset into Cambridgeshire. This series of camps includes two forts on or near the Dorsetshire Coast; Chalbury near Weymouth, and Abbotbury near the commencement of the Chesil Bank; and an inland line, the members of which are Pillesdon, seven miles from Axminster; Eggardon, near Poortstock; Maiden Bower, near Dorchester; Hamildon Hill and Hod Hill, near Blandford. The line goes on into Wiltshire, and there are Ligurian camps at Whichbury, four miles south of Salisbury; Yarnbury, towards the south of Salisbury; Battlesbury and Scratchbury, close to Warminster; Bratton Camp, near Westbury; Broadbury and Casterley, overlooking the Vale of Pewsey; and on the other side of the Vale of Pewsey there are Martin's Hill Camp, Knap Hill Camp and Rybury, near Devizes; Oldbury is next in the series, overhanging Cherhill, which is close to Calne, Barbury, halfway between Marlborough and Swindon; then in Berkshire, Liddington, and Uffington, looking down into the Vale of White Horse. The Ridgeway runs past Casterley, Rybury, Barbury, Liddington, Uffington; and possibly "the hollow with a low bank on each side of it," which runs behind Bratton, Battlesbury, and Scratchbury is a continuation of it, going on to Yarnbury, and then to Vespasian's camp near Amesbury; which, possibly, was the capital of the Ligurian Subri, being fortified like their other camps, but in the centre of their territory. There is a continuation of this road, called the Aokling Ditch; and this seems to go on to Maiden Bower, Eggardon and Pillesdon. The Ridgeway bifurcates as it goes through Berkshire and crosses the Thames at Stratley and Wallingford, and is defended by Sinodun in Berkshire. Thence it goes, under the name of the Ikenild Way, through the counties of Buckingham, Bedford, Hertford, and Cambridge; still defended by camps at Kimble and Cholesbury in Buckinghamshire, at Totternhoe and Hexton in Bedfordshire, at Welbury and Arbury in Hertfordshire, and at Vandlebury in Cambridgeshire. Dr. Bryan Walker gave equally detailed accounts of the Gaelic forts raised to stop the advance of the Ligurians; and the line of forts enumerated above he considered to mark the ultimate limit of the Ligurian occupation in the south. He indi-

cated the eastern boundary of forts of the Subri; attempted to fix the boundaries of the various Ligurian tribes mentioned by Caesar, and made some remarks on the forts along the three successive boundaries of the Belgæ; which, he thought, ought, with all due deference to Dr. Guest, to be resolved into four. He also gave an account of the forts of the Cotswold Hills, which he attributed to Caesar's Cassi, or the Catti, as they called themselves on their coins, or, in popular speech, the Cassivellauni: the Cassi conquered the Dobuni a little while before Aulus Plautius's expedition, and probably made, or, at any rate, improved, these forts as a barrier against the Silures. He also thought that Dio Cassius, who called the Dobuni *Doduni*, and told us about their conquest by the Cassi, was more correct in the spelling of their name than other authors, on the evidence of the coins found in the district which they occupied, and marked *BODVOC*.—The President made the following remarks upon sculptured columns at Stapleford (Nottinghamshire) and Rothley (Leicestershire) in respect of their bearing on the question of the dedication of places as apart from that of churches:—The column at Stapleford is a pillar nearly cylindrical, with the upper part cut into four plane faces. Unlike other cylindrical pillars in England, except those at Penrith, it is covered with ornament throughout its whole length, and the ornamentation on the cylindrical part is elaborate and skilful, consisting of various patterns of interlacing bands, some of them very intricate. On two of the four faces are similar interlacings; the third has a cornucopie scroll; the fourth has what is known in the village as a Danish bird. It is, in fact, a winged creature, with the feet of a man and the head of an animal with ears and horns. This points to St. Luke, but the dedication of the church is St. Helen. The village feast is the last Sunday in October, or, if that be the last day of the month, the last Sunday but one. This rule of thumb replaces the original rule, of which an old inhabitant, dead many years ago, has left a record, that the village wake is governed by old St. Luke,—"we mun hae him i' t' wake week." The pillar at Rothley is a rectangular shaft, 12 ft. high, and ornamented on the whole of its four faces with interlacing bands, and foliage scrolls of unusual character and much beauty. Three of the base panels present the very uncommon feature of a broad border of interlacing bands, enclosing an inner panel of interlacings and scrolls. Besides these ornaments, there are three large panels of a different character, one of which contains a winged dragon with serpent-like body interlacing in an intricate manner with its legs, and the other has a winged figure, evidently a bird, greatly resembling the figure at Stapleford. The feet are bird's claws, and the head is the head of a large bird. This points to St. John. The dedication of the Church is St. Mary; but the village feast is St. John Baptist, the wrong St. John, but confusion between the two St. Johns is not unknown. Rude monoliths have been found in Scotland bearing an incised cross and the words *locus Sancti Nicolai*, *locus Sancti Petri Apostoli*. Mr. Browne suggests that the early Christian missionaries took possession of each place in the name of some saint, selected the saint so as to have his day as near as possible to the day of the chief pagan celebration of the place. When in the course of time a church was erected, two or three or more centuries later, the dedication of the church would not of necessity be in accordance with the original dedication of the place, but might be guided by other considerations, as for instance, the personal predilection of the founder, or the prescribed fashion regarding saints, or some local circumstance, as the ford at Stapleford, connecting two geographical divisions, St. Helen having to do with wells and water. Thus many of the puzzling anomalies connected with dedications may be explained in a manner simple, interesting, and new. A fresh light is thrown, too, on the use of the earliest sculptured stones. It has long been known, or supposed, that sculptured shafts, or crosses, were erected long before churches in many places; archaeologists may now look to them for indications of the original dedication of the place to Christ or an evangelist or a saint, indications as clear, though not so direct, as the simple Scottish method—*locus Sancti Petri Apostoli*.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, May 13.)

THE President in the Chair.—The Rev. Mr. Cheales exhibited a tracing of a wall painting in the north clerestory of Friskney Church, representing the Resurrection, the date of the work being about 1420.—Sir Edgar MacCulloch, bailiff of Guernsey, exhibited a gold ring dug up in the island. The signet of gold bore a pelican in her piety, with the motto, *sans mal penser*. Inside the ring were engraved the words, *une sans plus*. An impression of the ring appears on a deed of the fifteenth century as the seal of Pierre de Beauvois, then bailiff.—Mr. Mickelthwaite exhibited a wooden crucifix belonging to the rector of Woolverton, Hants. It was picked up in the yard of a builder in Lincolnshire, who had been employed in restoring several churches; but there was no evidence as to the place from whence it came.—Mr. Hutchinson exhibited the figure of a saint in stained glass, having a bull's eye in it.—Mr. Clinch exhibited and described an extensive collection of paleolithic and neolithic implements found at West Wickham.—Mr. Robert Day exhibited a bronze rapier, a spearhead, and two socketed celts—one with an ornament of rope pattern round the socket—which were found in Lough Erne.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 24)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The Rev. Aubrey L. Moore read a paper on "Design in Organic and Inorganic Nature." He endeavoured to separate the question of design in nature from the theological "argument from design," and to show how teleology has been affected by modern philosophy and modern science. The Paleyan and deistic teleology, Mr. Moore maintained, was due to the introduction of the mechanical view of the world in the sixteenth century, and is no longer tenable since Kant's *Kritik of the Judgment* and Darwin's *Origin of Species*. But the effect of the change has been to restore the Aristotelian view of inner or immanent design. This new teleology, it was argued, so far from being contradicted by evolution, is presupposed in it, a fact illustrated at some length from Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *The Fertilisation of Orchids*. The conclusion arrived at was that while an atomistic and non-rational view of nature will always be possible, it is becoming increasingly improbable as the knowledge of nature extends; and therefore the real controversy about "design" turns upon the answer to the metaphysical question, whether the immanent reason of the world is conscious or unconscious. The theological inquiry whether the immanent reason, if conscious, is transcendent as well as immanent—a personal and moral being—was deliberately put on one side, the paper dealing at length only with the subject of immanent rationality in nature. An interesting and well-sustained discussion which followed dealt mainly with the metaphysical question as to what is necessarily implied in the rational coherence of nature.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Oileographs) handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 110, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

AMONG the best portraits of the year must certainly be reckoned those of Miss Grey (329) and Sir R. P. Gallwey (582), by Mr. William Carter. Taking no prominent master as a model, but evincing qualities of intuition and sympathy, combined with style and technical skill, such as are rare in artists of English training, he succeeds in realising simple and true, yet perfectly original, presentations of the human beings portrayed. Remarkable is his success in combining solid structural modelling with a happy suggestion of the surfaces and textures of the human form. The portrait of the lady, in particular, is distinguished by a certain serene dignity, by the reposeful charm

of the attitude, and, technically, by the discreet harmony of the colouring and the skill exhibited in simulating elastic softness in the flesh, in the hues of which, however, evenness and purity of colour are not attained in the same degree. Another very attractive portrait is that of Mrs. Horne (1030) by Mr. Robert Herdman, a work remarkable for the suggestion of life and energy conveyed through a simple and natural attitude of entire repose, and for the freshness and charm with which an attractive personality is set before us.

We have been recently told, on the highest authority, that, whatever other branch of British art may be drooping, in landscape we are this year supremely successful, and that this excellence must suffice to incline in our favour the balance so heavily weighted on the wrong side by our retrogression or failure in other styles. It would be well, could we accept this rose-coloured view of the situation, conveyed to the outside world as it is in words of so much charm and poetic fervour. True, the landscapes of the year may make a certain impression by their size, their variety and the superficial picturesqueness of the subjects chosen. Yet it would, with some few exceptions, be hard to discover in their tinsel glitter any serious approach, on the one hand, to the expression of a personal emotion, generated from the contact between nature and the creative artist, and by him impressed on his work; nor, on the other hand, do we discern any real effort to express by generalisation, by emphasising its essential elements, the distinctive character of the scene sought to be reproduced, with the aim of conveying by such means a more penetrating and vivid impression, a more comprehensive truth, than can be attained by the mere unintelligent reproduction of a series of natural facts and appearances, with equal insistence on all, and with equal disregard of the truer interpretation of which they are susceptible, both as visual phenomena and as emotional influences. The school headed by Messrs. Vicat Cole and Leader has still a prominence which it little deserves, yet which is, perhaps, not difficult to explain by the superficial cleverness, the power of attraction for the multitude which these painters undoubtedly possess. To render with a certain completeness, a certain effectiveness of line and colour, aspects of nature such as the average observer loves, to extract from such scenes nothing more moving or more distinctive than this same observer discerns in them—such, at its very highest, is the endeavour of the group which seeks to translate nature into the dullest and most unsuggestive prose. The Scotch school of landscape, headed by Mr. Peter Graham, and represented by Messrs. MacWhirter, David Murray, and others, has undoubtedly certain qualities denied to the last-mentioned group. Its exponents have a decided sense of the picturesque, a felicity in hitting upon subjects striking at first sight, an occasional success in achieving decorative effect; but of a deep and loving study of nature's less obvious aspects, of a desire to divine, to unfold to us her mysteries, there is no trace. The execution, too, is as incomplete, as superficial in its effectiveness as the conception is wanting in real insight. A favourable specimen of Mr. Peter Graham's peculiar and little-varied manner is "Ramblers" (610), a study of Scotch cattle of the usual type which have strayed on to sands sparsely covered with long grass. Another landscape that exercises a considerable power of attraction of the kind just indicated is Mr. David Murray's "Glen Falloch" (1041), which shows some skill in composition, some brightness of general tone, though its execution is wanting in real breadth and mastery, and its sentiment, such as it is, does not rise above the

level of the obvious and the commonplace. It would be difficult to point, in the present exhibition, to a work of this class possessing in a high degree the supreme power of expressing, without falsifying or unduly emphasising the elements supplied by nature, the subtle analogies which undoubtedly exist between her moods and those of mankind; of heightening the beauty, the power of expression of that nature by the suggested influence, rather than the actual presence, of an ever-struggling humanity, whose trace has power to infuse pathos and meaning into scenes otherwise uninteresting, and even repellent. For such qualities, combined with a noble harmony, a reticence of style which are not unfrequently found in their company, we should be compelled to turn to the profoundly true and moving landscapes of Sig. Costa (none of whose works, however, appear at the Academy this year); or we might look to find traces of their presence, not always in such combination, in the works of Mr. Albert Goodwin and Mr. A. W. Hunt, whose great successes, however, have been won as water-colour painters. The latter of these artists is well represented by his "Dunstanburgh" (334), a vast promontory, showing great, slate-coloured boulders loosely piled one on the other, lashed by the waves, and fitfully lighted by a sky of sunshine and cloud. The painter is evidently in love with his subject, and has rarely worked with so much breadth and decision as in the sombre, rich-toned mass of rock. Less satisfactory, from the evidence of a certain over-anxiety and hesitation which are distinctive of the artist, are the sky and sea, though a peep of sunshine, rather divined than seen, behind a jutting crag in the middle-distance is exquisitely rendered. Two of the most promising landscapes of the year are shown by Mr. Picknell, who has ventured to consult nature at first hand and without *parti pris* taking the effects which he best feels and understands, and giving these back with an individuality of his own impressed upon them. He paints on a large scale and displays handling of marked strength, which is, however, open to the charge of a certain monotony, and involves at present a too general use of *impasto*; but the atmospheric effects, the bracing freshness of certain aspects of English scenery are very happily realised. Of the two important examples we prefer "Sunshine and Drifting Sand" (209)—a vast expanse of sandy hillock scantily overgrown with stunted herbage, to the aspect of which the happily realised effect of sunshine checkered by fleeting cloud lends a peculiar charm. Another work of great merit is "On the Kennet" (496), by Mr. G. F. Munn—a landscape remarkable for the simplicity and charm of its middle and far distance, and for the strength and purity of its blue sky, flecked with white cloud and reflected in the calm pool beneath. Mr. Alfred Parsons has always shown certain qualities of style, a skill and fastidiousness in drawing and composing, which entitle him to a separate and well-defined place. Deeply interested by many and various aspects of nature, he yet can hardly be called her impassioned lover. He does not profoundly move, because there is in his serious and cultivated art too little of himself; because we find too much mere objectivity in his faithful transcripts of nature. As regards technique, his chief, almost his only, sins are a certain over-emphasis and dryness of outline, a failure completely to suggest the atmospheric envelope, which, however, are less noticeable than usual in his small, but original and charming, landscape, "On Shannon Shore" (40)—a view of grey river reflecting the steely light of the sky, as it winds its way through flat, green banks, with a foreground in which skilful use is made of large clumps of flowering gorse.

Among the marine painters we find the same

excellencies, the same defects, the same want of variety as before; but no new lights, no new aspects of well-known talents. Mr. Hook retains his old charm in the rendering of certain familiar aspects of sea and shore, and also his old strongly-marked limitations, which, at this stage, it were, perhaps, idle to expect him to break through. In one of the numerous examples contributed by him, "Sea Daisies" (60), he is at his best, save as regards certain sufficiently inane figures which find a place in the foreground. These figures are, indeed, always Mr. Hook's weakest point. They are neither in themselves expressive, nor do they seem to find their place naturally in the landscape or to form an integral part of its general scheme. Rarely, however, has the form and colour, the subtle movement of a sea calm of surface, yet broken into eddies and currents by the submerged rocks over which it passes, been better rendered than in the present instance. Admirable, too, is the suggestion of the lapping motion with which the waves hold the indented line of the seacoast in their embrace. Mr. Henry Moore has also shown his inability to pass certain not very elastic limits, and yet remain himself; but within these, he is, among English marine painters, supreme for the grandeur and truth of his conceptions, for his careful observation and patient rendering of the phenomena of sea and sky. True, even in his most nobly modelled skies, in most mobile seas, we never quite lose a certain paintiness, which is a serious drawback to the pleasure afforded by his best work; but this defect seems unfortunately part and parcel of his technique, and therefore ineradicable. He is seen at his very best in "Mount's Bay" (1094)—a vast, unbroken expanse of dancing blue waves, bounded by a distant shore, and canopied by a sky in which huge white cumuli are driven by a fresh breeze. These are certainly elements which the painter has, many times already, combined into a picture, but never with a more complete realisation of the force and majesty of the sea, even in its milder and more smiling moods.

Before entering upon any notice of the sculpture, it is unfortunately necessary to mention an incident so strange that, were it not undoubted, it would be incredible. A small group sent to the Academy by the famous sculptor M. Rodin—whose too rare contributions to the Salon are eagerly looked for and whose magnificent "Cain" adorns the Luxembourg—has been refused by the committee of selection. To add anything to this bald statement of fact is hardly necessary; it speaks more plainly for itself than could the strongest comment. To announce openly that the Academy cannot find room for the productions of even the most eminent foreign contributors, or that their works must, on principle, be relegated to inferior positions—to establish, in fact, a kind of protection in fine art—would, at least, be an intelligible and straightforward course. But to affect to decline on its merits the work of an artist of European renown, such as M. Rodin, while complacently exhibiting to our ravished gaze row upon row of simpering inanities, which neither in conception nor workmanship come under the denomination of art at all, is a greater insult to the English public—whose trustees and guardians in art the Academicians assume to be—than it is to an artist so eminent that he can afford to smile at the affront, in pity rather than in anger.

As has already been pointed out, some dozen works or so in this section show an important advance both in technique and in freshness of conception, with signs of a noble and serious purpose, which may presage a real revival of the art in England. Sir Frederick Leighton's bronze statue, "The Sluggard" (1921), inspires us with admiration for the energy and

patient devotion of a master who has expended on an art relatively unfamiliar so much thought and labour, and has achieved in it so large a measure of success. The work shows much skill and accuracy in the modelling of many parts of the figure, and a studied grace in the general conception, which is successfully realised from three points of view, though from the fourth—the left side of the figure—the composition is unintelligible. An almost painful effort to attain the style of certain approved classical models is apparent, and detracts seriously from the spontaneity of the effect realised, while a marked over-elaboration in the indication of the muscular and osseous structure is disagreeable in itself, and fails to express, or to harmonise with, the leading motive of the statue. Equal skill in modelling, with far more life and truth of movement, is shown in the same master's statuette of a lithe young girl, shrinking in an attitude of terror, to which the description "Needless Alarms" (1922) has been given. Mr. Alfred Gilbert fulfils the promise of recent years, and justifies yet higher hopes, though his contributions prove that his art is still in a state of transition, and has not yet assumed its definitive shape. His chief contribution is "The Enchanted Chair" (1762), an important group which, except as to the principal figure, is still rather a sketch on a large scale than a finished work, and contains many passages which, brilliant as they are in clay and plaster, would be undesirable even in bronze, and in marble impossible. Its central motive is the nude form of a young girl who, sunk into a deep slumber, reclines in an attitude of entire "abandon" on a throne of strange, mystic design, to which two cherubim or genii with great outstretched wings give support, while a huge eagle overshadows the chair, seemingly guarding the slumbers of the fair mortal. The attitude of the figure is singularly bold and unconventional in its realistic truth; the modelling of the nude form is uncompromisingly faithful to every-day nature. But these same distinctive qualities—in their right place unquestionably excellencies—jar somewhat with a subject deliberately chosen from the realms of the fantastic and the ideal, having, therefore, little to gain from a mode of expression which proceeds by the straightforward presentment of ungeneralised realism. All art, even the most ideal in style and aim, must unquestionably, to be living and sound, be based on the closest study of nature in every aspect; but the highest truth is not necessarily attained by a reproduction of the accidental imperfections of individuals, but rather by a selection which shall take all that is expressive and essential, and cast aside or simplify the rest. Sculpture, essentially an art of compromise, can only proceed on such a basis, for in closer competition with nature, in attempted emulation of its forms, its textures and colours, it can only succeed in producing the monstrous and the untrue. Mr. Gilbert's present faults are a certain unnecessary revolt against selection, an undue insistence on these same accidental imperfections of the human form, arising, no doubt, partly from a reaction against the false conventionalities which have been imposed upon the art, and partly from a natural admiration for the magnificent realism, elevated by its truth and fervour, of Donatello and his school. Another able artist, Mr. Onslow Ford, has this year elected to follow in Mr. Gilbert's footsteps, as the works he contributes conclusively prove. He achieves considerable success in the bronze bust of a young girl (1891), inspired by similar works of the Florentine sculptors of the fifteenth century, but is less happy in the statuette "Folly" (1925). Mr. Hamo Thornycroft rarely brings before the public anything which is not both noble in aim and wrought out with the utmost care and

refinement. His "Sower" (1924) is no exception to the rule, though it suggests a little too closely the motive of Jean François Millet's famous picture of the same name. In order, however, to realise his meaning with complete success, the sculptor should have been more daring. He should have ventured to give to the head of his peasant a more living, a less conventionally statuesque type, and to the movement of his body more spontaneity; while he might have insisted less on the unplastic minutiae of the rustic habiliments, which incompletely express the form beneath. Mr. Harry Bates follows up his successes of last year with two important reliefs—"Homer" (1811) and "Socrates" (1827), showing very considerable skill and some command of style, but at the same time a dangerous tendency to rely overmuch on some well-known motives of Greek art. Lastly, we may mention the statue in white marble of a nude slave girl (1774) by Mr. Havard Thomas, which shows evidence of a very close study of nature, with much skill and refinement in modelling.

The exhibition, if it is to be remembered otherwise than as one of the dulllest and most dispiriting of recent years, must rest its claims to distinction on some few works which serve to maintain established reputations, on the contributions of distinguished foreign painters, and on the productions of our later and more original school of sculpture.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ART SALES.

ON Friday there was sold at Christie's a remarkable collection of china from the estate of the late Lord Dudley, who had for years been well known as an enthusiastic purchaser of some of the best pieces of the finest fabrics. Not all, however, of the fine china he possessed made its appearance in the auction room. Some of his best Sèvres was absent; but that which was visibly for sale was, nevertheless, good enough to make the representation of Sèvres china the principal feature of the sale. Whatever may be the vices of Sèvres, that fabric has the advantage of rarity; and its finest specimens are memorable for permanence of material and delicacy of figure painting, as well as for some dignity of form. Lord Dudley's Chelsea and Dresden came next in importance to his Sèvres. In the value of the Chelsea there seemed to be some little falling off; but, as a rule (and especially with regard to the Sèvres) the old belief, which we have so often expressed, was again justified—the belief that "depression" does not affect the rarest and the most remarkable of any art. The second-rate is very sensitive; it falls quickly. But quite the finest things suffer no diminution of value.

Mr. SAMUEL ADDINGTON's pictures and drawings must have a word of notice. His prints, the reader will remember, are being sold at this moment at Sotheby's, where his rare books have already changed hands. But his pictures and drawings were at Christie's. There was a very enjoyable Jan Steen, "The Tric-Trac Players," bought by Mr. Addington from the small and famous collection at Clewer Manor. It fetched a good, though not a very remarkable, price. There was a fine Hobbema. But in some respects the most memorable picture—a picture of unique excellence in the work of the master who painted it—was "Turner's Hill, East Grinstead," by Patrick Nasmyth. It was bought by Colnaghi & Co. for the very considerable sum of £987. It was sold, so it is stated, in the Novar sale of 1867—a circumstance not within our recollection—for £191 2s. It is a thousand pities that it was not bought—on that occasion at least—for the

National Gallery; but the National Gallery was then esteemed to be lamentably deficient in that archaic art in which it is now so superabundantly rich. As regards the water-colour drawings from Mr. Addington's, it was a Frederick Walker which fetched the sensation price of the sale. A "Street Scene at Cookham, with Figures and a Flock of Geese," bought by Mr. Addington from Mr. Leaf's collection for £472 10s. quite a short time ago, actually realised £903 (Vokins). The aged collector, though enterprising to the last, was not very famous for his Turners. But he had two drawings from the *England and Wales* series—the "Saltash," which Mr. Vokins bought for £204; and the "Carew Castle," for which Mr. Agnew gave £745. There were, as we surmised when Mr. Addington died, stores of treasures in the old-fashioned house in St. Martin's Lane.

THE famous collection formed by Defoer Bey was sold in Paris on Tuesday. The number of pictures was only forty; but the total sum realised was 981,750 frs., or an average of nearly £1,000 each. In addition, eleven drawings by Millet fetched a total of 53,800 frs. Among the pictures was the portrait of Napoleon by Meissonier, known as "1814," which once belonged to Mr. Ruskin. When he sold it at Christie's two or three years ago, it fetched 5,900 guineas. It now went for 128,000 frs., or about £1,000 less, being bought by a French collector, and not by an American, as had been expected. Eugene Fromentin's "La Fantasia" brought the next highest price, 68,000 frs. A Corot, "Nymphes et Faunes," fetched 65,100 frs.; a Millet, "L'Homme à la houe," for which the painter received 2,500 frs. in 1863, now brought 57,000 frs.; a Rousseau, "Bord de Loire," 55,000 frs.; a Delacroix, "Christ sur la Croix," went for 29,500 frs. to a dealer who had himself formerly sold it to Defoer Bey for 80,000 frs. Altogether, the sale was memorable for its surprises, no less than for the choiceness of the pictures and the magnitude of the prices.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

ON Tuesday last the colossal bronze statue of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, by Mr. Brock, presented to the Margate Infirmary by Lady Wilson, was unveiled by Sir James Paget in the presence of a distinguished company invited by Lady Wilson. Sir James Paget, in a short address, told the story of Sir Erasmus Wilson's life, his wise winning of wealth and noble disposal of it, with that finished eloquence and restrained feeling which always recalls the classic masters of speech. Mr. Russell Lowell, as a vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, added a warm recognition of Sir Erasmus Wilson's generosity to the cause of Egyptology, noting the remarkable manner in which his imagination late in life had seized, and his scientific skill had so mastered, a new study that he had produced the best popular history of Egypt in the English language. The liberal arrangements of Lady Wilson made the visit most agreeable to her guests.

We have received from the Rev. W. C. Winslow, of Boston, U.S., vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, a copy of the following letter, addressed to him by Mr. Martin Brimmer, president of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, under date April 28:

"I am instructed by the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts to offer through you to the committee of the Egypt Exploration Fund their sincere and cordial thanks for the large and valuable collection of pottery, metal-work, and other objects excavated at Naucratis and at San, and presented by the fund to the museum. They have great satisfaction in exhibiting these varied illustrations

of ancient art and manners of both immediate and permanent interest.

"The trustees gratefully appreciate the kind services of Miss Edwards, of Mr. Petrie, and of Mr. Head, in the selection and cataloguing of the objects given; and they feel especially indebted to you for the efficient interest you have taken in this gift to the museum."

With reference to earlier donations, we also quote the following paragraph from the annual report of the trustees of the same museum for 1885:

"Certainly the most notable, if not the largest, donation to the museum during the year is that made by the Egypt Exploration Fund of a number of objects, principally for domestic use, found at San during the excavations conducted there under Mr. Petrie. Among these objects the specimens of textiles are especially valuable. The gift made through Mr. Winslow, apart from its high historical and archaeological interest, is especially gratifying, as it was made in acknowledgment of the American contributions to the Exploration Fund, which has been spent upon an enterprise of world-wide interest. Pleasant it is to see how liberality begets liberality; and pleasant also is it to note how lively an interest the American people take in researches carried on in a remote land for the elucidation of facts bearing upon the life and occupation of the most ancient of races, and touching Bible history in so many points."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE important work by Sir Noel Paton which, last autumn, we mentioned as in progress has now been completed, and will shortly be on view to the public, previous to its passing into the engraver's hands. It belongs definitely to the later series of the painter's productions—works which are large in scale and broad in treatment; which are as exclusively allegorical in form, as unmistakably didactic in aim, as a fresco by Giotto or Orcagna. Its subject is the Christian choice of Hercules. It depicts Humanity under the familiar type of a youthful and mail-clad soldier, tempted by the varied and importunate appetites of the world, which are personified under the figure of a seductive, luridly beautiful woman, who holds aloft a flaming goblet of ruddy wine. The face of this figure, full of an imperious charm, is thrown backwards, with its masses of dark voluminous curls, amid whose luxuriance are set a few roses of dusky crimson, over-blown, and ready to fall in sudden ruin, one petal already fluttering from them towards the earth. Her bare arms are adorned with gold and gems; round her naked neck is clasped a circlet of antique coins figured with the heads of the great mythical monarchs of the kingdoms of the world and their glory; a kirtle of gaudy green half veils the exuberant curves of her body; the contours of her lower limbs are seen through folds of a changeful yellow drapery, which flushes in its shadows into an angry red; and from her shoulders depends a curiously fashioned lute—that instrument of her enchantment whose notes the souls of men hear and follow—"as a bird the fowler's pipe." Around her is the blackness of the sky of night; behind and beneath her a yawning gulf, through whose obscurity the eye can find no bottom, and into which there juts a wild and craggy promontory, which is lit up luridly by the unseen nether fires. Near the temptress, in a lonely, shadowed corner of the foreground—where the very poppies of oblivion themselves are withered, and drooping, and ready to die—lies a skeleton, swathed still in dimmed splendour of quaintly fashioned doublet, its hooded fool's-cap fallen from the head, and the skull grinning forth upon the struggle in front. There, towards the left, the canvas brightens about the form of the youthful warrior, who turns from the temptress, and in the very action plants his mailed foot

upon the coils of a terribly rendered snake, crushing the foul thing into loathly death; casts off in horror the eager hand that would detain him; yields himself to the celestial guide who hovers on white wings above, amid the celestial blue; and prepares resolutely to tread the rocky upland path, where in the distance we see a vision of the "pure lilies of eternal peace." The picture is wonderfully rich and searching in its symbolism. It is certainly one of the most solemn and impressive of the works of its earnest-minded painter.

MISS HARRISON proposes to give a course of four lectures at the British Museum on "The Topography and Monuments of Athens, with special reference to Pausanias," on Wednesday, June 9, and three following Wednesdays, at 4.30 p.m.; and also another course on "The Technique of Greek Vases" on Friday, June 11, and three following Fridays at the same hour. Miss Harrison's personal knowledge of the monuments of Greece *in situ*, and her scientific acquaintance with the art of Greek vases, make these courses of special importance. Full particulars of the lectures may be had of Miss Wilson, 45D, Colville Gardens, Bayswater, W.

THERE will be on view next week, in Mr. McLean's gallery in the Haymarket, a collection of drawings and sketches made by Mr. Pownoll Williams on the Riviera, the Italian lakes, Switzerland, &c.

THE private view of Messrs. Cassell's Black and White Exhibition, to be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, will be on Wednesday, June 2. The exhibition will open to the public the following day, and continue open till June 18.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS have just published at New York the first volume of an elaborate *Cyclopaedia of Painters and Painting*, edited by Mr. J. D. Champlin, with the assistance of Mr. Charles Perkins. Its aim is to give an exhaustive list, arranged in alphabetical order, of all artists down to the present time, as well as of their works, together with a full bibliography. The illustrations are of three kinds: (1) Sketches in outline of the more important pictures, intended to supplement the verbal descriptions; (2) portraits of the painters; (3) facsimiles of monograms and signatures. In addition, each volume will have twelve full-page illustrations of modern paintings, reproduced by photogravure. Of these, the first volume gives nine examples of French artists, and only two of Englishmen—W. M. Hunt and Mr. Poynter. The work will be completed in four volumes, of which the second is announced for next autumn. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

THERE is now on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club a small but choice collection of illuminations from MSS., principally of the Italian and French schools, lent by Mr. C. Brinsley Marlay.

THE sixth edition of Lübke's valuable *History of Architecture*, issued in parts by Seemann, of Leipzig, is now completed. The printing, and the many additional woodcuts, are of excellent quality. The new matter in the history of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century architecture is due to the editor, Dr. Lützwow.

THE STAGE.

THE PRINCESS'S TRAGEDY.

THE new piece at the Princess's, whose scene is laid in the Athens of 400 B.C., is not due, let us say to begin with, to that Hellenic

craze which has succeeded the craze for blue and white china, and which, so far as the general public is concerned, will last as long. Like the best pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema, its true interest is not archaeological. Nay, like the pictures of Mr. Albert Moore—Hellenic, indeed, in the only sense that is valuable, having, that is, the Greek qualities of beauty, blitheness, repose—its interest is not archaeological at all. Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Godwin, and two or three famous scene-painters have seen to it that whatever was wanted was supplied. One cannot nowadays have a play of 400 B.C. and dress the characters with a conventional classicism that would have sufficed for the Kembles. It is necessary to be correct, and it is better to be beautiful; and in "Clito" correctness and beauty are both assuredly attained. The correctness is the quality which will fascinate the pedant. Some of us know which of the two is the better worth having, and will rejoice accordingly. "Clito" is a radiant spectacle. But when we have paid, willingly, our tribute of gratitude for all that has been done for us in the matter of externals, the real praise yet remains to be said. "Clito" is a play of deep human interest, conceived with vigour, carried out with delicacy. It is a piece of healthy purpose; and it is acted, as regards its principal characters, with the well-justified boldness that comes of firmly possessed art. The exponents of the chief parts in "Clito" have the virtue of knowing their own minds. On the stage, one of them at least, is not permitted any other virtue than that. Certain effects seem good to them to be attained. And they are attained; and many people seem surprised, and a few are rather stupidly shocked. In the end, however, "Clito" will prove to be a triumph for the actors—a distinct success for the writers. It is a piece which the town must see.

One of the writers is Mr. Sydney Grundy, and Mr. Sydney Grundy's previous work has assured us that he is among the few living English dramatists who are in possession of subtlety of thought and of literary style. There are dramatists who write bluntly; dramatists who write conventionally; dramatists, who claim to be poets, who write with a feeble, emasculate, monotonous grace; and these, perhaps, are the worst of all—the Bartolozzis, the Angelica Kauffmanns, of literature. Mr. Grundy belongs to neither of these classes. It was a true instinct which led Mr. William Archer—a so much surer judge, if I dare to say so, of the stage literature he is called upon to criticise than of the actual performance that passes before his eyes and whose effect upon him he wittily records—it was a true instinct, I repeat, which led Mr. Archer, in his book on the contemporary dramatists, to accord to the discussion of Mr. Sydney Grundy's talent an amount of space and of care out of proportion, as it seemed at the moment, to the place he had already taken. Mr. Grundy is a person of vigour, bold of conception, epigrammatic of phrase. So "Clito" is a well-written piece. But though it is a well-written piece, it does lay itself open, in more places than one, to some of the strictures that have been passed upon it. Suddenly, after some passage of terse English, freshly put, there comes a line which is but the ineffectual and hardly veiled para-

phrase of a commonplace of the day or a commonplace of our elder literature. At least so long as Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake are in England or America to perform it, "Clito" will live. It is worth while then for the writer yet again to revise the writing which even now, as I have clearly implied, is no more without polish than without vigour. A few more touches and all would be well. What is well now is the strength and lucidity of the story, the frequent epigram, the not infrequent tenderness of the verse. And the people are human, in their good, in their evil, in their weakness—human though their tragedy is of the two thousand years ago we can read about in books, and not of the to-day which we can know.

The character of the hero, the young sculptor, learned in art, unlessoned in life, is played by Mr. Barrett with as marked a success as any which has ever attended him. This, indeed, is not quite enough to say, for if all will put it on a level with his Chatterton, some will put it in advance of his Hamlet. It is not more immediately striking than his prologue to "Claudian"; but like Chatterton, and, perhaps, like Chatterton alone, it is in all its parts equal and complete. In Hamlet, manly and scholarly as was Mr. Barrett's performance, it had the disadvantage which is inevitable to any Hamlet of to-day—it had to take note of the existence of precedent even while refusing to follow it. But the precedents which accumulate round such a character as Hamlet are apt sometimes to be burdens even when it is sought to disregard them; and the efforts of the finest actor do sometimes for a moment resemble and recall those of Mr. Gigadib's "literary man," who spent his strength to discover "some point in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet"—some point of which Schlegel had no conception, Gervinus no guess. After all it is an advantage to an actor who is original—who in planning a part goes down to the sources of things, and exercises, above all, perhaps, the "most noble quality of sovereign reason"—it is an advantage to him to deal with a fresh character—to plunge spade and pick-axe into virgin soil. And with complete effect, Mr. Barrett does that in Clito—realising the simplicity of the character, its intentions of heroism, its openness to the temptations that beset the man of ideality, who wishes to be great, and not the merely practical person, who only wishes to be successful. It has been said that Clito—a sculptor, a lover, and a patriot—is ridiculously weak. He is only naturally weak, at the points at which it is generally a smaller person who is continuously strong. And, realising the oneness of the character, Mr. Barrett carries out his conception with as much tenderness as force. And an impulse, the appearance of which may have been lacking to him once or twice in earlier things, is, assuredly, lacking to him no longer. Apart from one or two details of *technique* in the modelling scene—at which a dabbler in modelling may be pardoned for looking with jealous minuteness of regard—I do not see how it would be possible to play this part better. It is very strong, very moving.

To some people the Helle of Miss Eastlake,

if it is not more of a pleasure, is more of a surprise. Miss Eastlake has been wont to be unequal since the days of her début. Being, at the moment of her first appearance at the Criterion, quite the most touching and engaging *ingénue* the stage had seen for several years, she went on, through an irregular course, now exciting a hope, now disappointing it. Wonderfully tender in domestic pathos—in "Lights o' London" and the "Silver King"—she seemed herself to feel the artificiality of many volumes of most respectable blank verse. As she recited these no freshness of artistic insight gave them a reality that was not their own. In Ophelia came her one chance in great poetry—her chance for tenderness again, her chance for most effective wildness—and certainly she took it; but since Ophelia no opportunity has been seized with that sureness with which she has seized her new one. Miss Eastlake's Helle, in "Clito" is quite a wonderful performance—one of the strongest things that have been seen on the contemporary stage. It is instinct with reality—true alike to the wanton in the hour of her triumph, and the traitress in her hour of abject fear. From end to end no false note is struck; there is never an inappropriate look in the by-play which reveals so much; never for a moment is the *rolé* dropped, to be hurriedly recovered; the effects are certain; the impression firmly maintained. If I lay no special stress on the great last scene, in which—all the humanity gone out of her—the once proud woman sinks to be a heap of flesh, mere incarnate cowardice and villainess—a stain upon the floor—it is only because a scene like that is its own sufficient commentary. What is more important to notify is that it is no mere sensational effect, but the legitimate outcome of all that has gone before it. Yet it is a remarkable imagination that has been able to picture how this scene should be done; and a firm and practised and delicate hand that has been exercised in doing it. As for the remaining parts, Mr. Willard's voluptuary is, as usual, invited to be more entirely heartless than a man of pleasure—for his own comfort—can generally allow himself to be. Miss Coote, as Irene, the latest of his victims, is Greek enough in her simplicity of beauty. And the rest of the story of the play is conducted by a very few gentlemen, dignified of gesture and discreet of utterance. There is no blot on the performance.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RUBINSTEIN RECITALS.

THE programme of the second recital on Friday afternoon, May 24, was devoted to Beethoven, and included no less than eight of the finest sonatas. Herr Rubinstein set himself a gigantic task, but one to which he was fully equal. The hall was crowded, and the vast audience listened with rapt attention from the first note to the last. We never remember to have seen so many copies of Beethoven's sonatas in St. James's Hall. Few went to criticise, many to learn, and all to admire. A detailed criticism of Herr Rubinstein's marvellous performances would serve but little purpose. Those who followed the music carefully must have noticed trifling

errors and omissions, and may possibly have wondered why the pianist paid but little heed, at times, to the composer's directions with regard to the rate at which some of the movements should be taken; as, for example, to the *moderato* in the finale of the "Waldstein," or to the *geschwind, doch nicht zu sehr*, in the last movement of Op. 101. But, if not always *en règle*, he gives us readings of these great sonatas full of poetry, passion, and power; and while he is playing he carries his audience with him. The critic may reason calmly afterwards, and point out failings; but he comes too late. Herr Rubinstein has produced his effect, and obtained a verdict of approval from the public. The grandest performances of the afternoon, to our mind, were the *adagio* of the "Moonlight"—a wonderful illustration of the pianist's *art de chanter sur le piano*—the whole of the D minor sonata (Op. 31, No. 2), and the theme and variations of Op. 57, of Op. 109, and of Op. 111. In this last sonata Herr Rubinstein rose fully to the height of his argument, and his interpretation was as pure as it was poetical.

At the third recital last Monday afternoon, St. James's Hall was again packed. The programme was devoted to the two great contemporaries of Beethoven—Schubert and Weber—and to Mendelssohn, the master who holds a position midway between the so-called classical and romantic schools. Schubert's great Fantasia in C was a wonderful piece of pianoforte playing; but with the exception of the slow movement, an exaggerated rendering of the work. Of the smaller Schubert pieces most of the "Moments Musicaux" were delightfully rendered. The E flat Impromptu was taken at tremendous speed; but the piece fairly admits of it. The same, however, cannot be said of the Impromptu in C minor (Op. 90, No. 1), which is marked *allegro molto moderato*; yet it was treated in a similar manner. Weber's sonata in A flat, the grandest of the four, but for the hurried tempi of the first and last movements, was magnificently interpreted. Of the rest of the Weber selection we will say nothing. Herr Rubinstein likes strong contrasts. The careless and sensational rendering of three short Weber pieces perhaps enabled his audience all the better to enjoy and admire a splendid performance of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses." This was followed by a number of the "Lieder ohne Worte"; some beautifully played, others quite the reverse; and by the Capriccio (Op. 10, No. 2), and the Scherzo a Capriccio in E minor. It may be noted that Herr Rubinstein made quite a different selection of the "Lieder" from that marked in the programme-book. All, however, are familiar to English audiences.

Last Thursday afternoon, there was a magnificent Schumann programme, containing nearly all the composer's most important pianoforte works. Herr Rubinstein commenced with the great Fantasia in C (Op. 17), dedicated to Liszt. His rendering of the first and last movements was very fine. The middle movement was taken at a rapid rate, and the playing was more wonderful than pleasing. Next came the Kreisleriana (Op. 16, 1-8). The slow numbers were charmingly interpreted; some of the others were somewhat maltreated. The performance of the "Études Symphoniques" was, taken as a whole, the finest of the afternoon. All the pianist's best qualities, and but few of his failings, were noticeable. After this, came the Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11). The two middle movements were admirably played, but there was much exaggeration in the first and last. The programme comprised several smaller pieces, in which Herr Rubinstein was heard at his best, and concluded with "The Carnival," which the pianist plays with characteristic effect, though not in Mme. Schumann's style.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

At the fourth Richter concert last Monday evening, M. E. d'Albert's Symphony in F was performed for the first time in England. Last year Herr Richter gave the young composer's overture, "Hyperion"; and the extravagant character of the writing led one to fear that he was not on the right road to fame. In the symphony M. d'Albert is far less pretentious; but it must be confessed that, in spite of much thoughtful and clever workmanship, the music makes no definite impression. Again the composer has fallen into the serious error of undue length: the symphony occupies in performance over fifty minutes. There is not sufficient character or charm in the thematic material of the various movements to warrant such a demand on the time and patience of the listener. The scherzo is needlessly spun out, and the slow introduction to the finale seems unnecessary. The first movement is the most satisfactory; the slow movement is extremely vague. The finale is vigorous, but noisy. The work altogether is one which does M. d'Albert considerable credit; and in his next attempt we shall hope for more imagination and greater power of concentration. The symphony was well rendered under Herr Richter's direction. The programme included Mendelssohn's charming overture, "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Beethoven's "Egmont" overture, the "Siegfried" Funeral March, and Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody. Señor Sarasate gave his fourth orchestral concert last Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. He played in his best manner Lalo's clever "Symphonie Espagnole" and a showy Concerto by Wieniawski. Having exhausted the classical *répertoire* of concertos, Señor Sarasate is obliged to draw from lighter material. The Wieniawski Concerto may not rank very high as a work of art; but, at any rate, it gives the player many opportunities of displaying his phenomenal gifts. The greatest *tour de force* of the afternoon was, however, the "Rhapsodie Hongroise" by Auer. This, of course, brought an encore. The orchestral music, under Mr. Cusins's direction, consisted of a Volkmann Serenade, the "Tannhäuser" overture, and a Gounod Saltarello.

Mr. Charles Hallé commenced his series of chamber concerts at the Prince's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 15. The programme was one of exceptional interest; and, interpreted by such artists as Mme. Norman-Néruda, Signor Piatti, and the concert-giver, it could not fail to give the highest satisfaction. Mr. Hallé includes in his scheme not only standard classical compositions, but more modern works by Brahms, Dvořák, and Grieg, and thus makes his programme doubly attractive. At the first concert Dvořák's Pianoforte Trio in F minor was given; last Saturday Grieg's pleasing and clever Sonata for piano and violoncello; while for to-day (May 29) Brahms's seldom-heard Piano Trio in B minor, and a new Trio by Godard, are announced. Mr. Hallé played Schumann's G minor Sonata at the first concert, and at the second Chopin's second Impromptu and Barcarole, and, as usual, received much applause. His reading of the Barcarole was admirably delicate and refined.

MUSIC NOTE.

Mr. WILLIAM REEVES announces a series of sixpenny volumes of musical biography and criticism, to be called the "St. Cecilia" series. Each volume will have a portrait and a page of miniature music. The first volume on *Franz Liszt*, written by Mr. T. Carlaw Martin, editor of the *Magazine of Music*, is published this week. The next will be *Beethoven*, by Mr. Mortimer Wheeler; which will be followed by *Chopin* and *Schumann*.

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